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The Minden Echo

AND HALIBURTON COUNTY RECORDER.

VOL. II. NO. 22
Terms—One Dollar per annum.
MINDEN, ONTARIO, JANUARY 15th, 1886.
GEORGE H. SMALL, Publisher and Proprietor

BUSINESS CARDS

DR. CURRY, Office in rear of Post Office, Minden, Ont. Special Office hours—Wednesdays and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

P. CONWAY, AUCTIONEER FOR the County of Haliburton, Haliburton P. O., Ont.

H. GRAHAM, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses, Commissioner in B. R., etc., Kinmount, Ont.

F. D. MOORE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, solicitor and Notary Public. Money to Loan. Office, Kent-st., Lindsay.

JOHN GITTENS, Minden and Haliburton Bricklayer, Plasterer and Mason, Kalsomining a specialty. Orders solicited.

W. PRUST, TOWNSHIP AND DIVISION Court Clerk, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Life and Fire Insurance agent, Haliburton, Ont.

BARRON & SMITH, BARRISTERS at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc., Lindsay, Ont.
JOHN A. BARRON. J. B. SMITH.

WM. FIELDING, Crown Land Agent. Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

M. BROWN, Minden, County Treasurer, Conveyancer, etc. Office in Pearce's Block, Main street.

P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER AND Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, County Crown Attorney County of [illegible]. Office next door to post office, Lindsay, Ontario.

JOHN H. DELAMERE, County Clerk Prov. Co. Haliburton. Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

BENJAMIN TROTT, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker. All kinds of Carpentry done cheaply and neatly and on short notice. Orders left with him or sent by mail for undertaking will be promptly attended to.

R. C. GARRATT, Minden, Bailiff First Division Court, Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

DRS. BURROWS & GRAHAM, Lindsay, Ontario. Physicians, Surgeons &c. Office and residence directly opposite Carr's Hotel, William-st., Lindsay. Calls from the country receive prompt attention.
P. Palmer Burrows, M. D. C. M. M. C. P. S. Ont. Graduate McGill College, Montreal, 1866.
H. H. Graham, M.D.C.M. late of Soho Hospital, London, F. R. M. S. & M. R. C. S. Eng.

WATCHMAKING.

As I have removed from Haliburton to Kinmount and established a permanent business, I hope to secure the patronage of old customers and many new ones. Orders from Minden by stage will receive prompt attention.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND [illegible] SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired on short notice.

J. C. DEWING.
Kinmount, May 13th, 1885.

MINDEN HOTEL, James Buck, Proprietor. This hotel has been [illegible] and refurnished throughout, and now stands [illegible] in the northern district. First-class accommodation for the travelling public; the tables are supplied with all the freshest seasonable delicacies, and the bar is carefully kept replete with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

JEWETT HOUSE, LINDSAY. Corner Kent and York Streets. This hotel has lately been purchased by Mr. Waters, late of Port Perry and Toronto, and is now fitted up in first-class style. It is the most centrally situated hotel in Lindsay, and offers extra facilities to those visiting the town, being convenient to all the principal business places and the post office. The bar is always supplied with the choicest liquors. All are welcome. Charges moderate.

HALIBURTON HOUSE, Haliburton, Ontario. This large and well-furnished hotel is supplied with all the accommodations of a first-class house. It is the longest established house in the village, is in convenient location for telegraph office, railway station and post office. The bar is supplied with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. Meals at all hours. Charges moderate. Attentive hostler and stabling free. GEO. LIPPERT, Proprietor.

DOMINION HOTEL, Minden, Ontario. The proprietor of this well known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favour him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store houses. A well-kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, of the best quality. JAMES MORROW.

Huntsmen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Do you want a splendid, handsomely bound story book? You can have your choice out of the best that are published if you will obtain two subscriptions for The Weekly Mail. A catalogue of standard and miscellaneous publications, given as prizes for getting up clubs for The Mail, will be sent to any address upon application. There is no boy or girl, young man or young woman, among you who cannot secure a handsome lot of books this winter with very little effort, if you will only make up your minds to it. The books are The [illegible] bound splendidly pro[illegible] and are of the [illegible] known authors, which is a sufficient guarantee that they will not only afford amusement but be a source of profit. The Weekly Mail is the most popular weekly published, and is only One Dollar a year. It has now over 180,000 subscribers. Specimen copy and prize list sent free. Address The Mail, Toronto, Canada.

18 J. F. YOUNG, 86

1880, ERA OF LOW PRICES, 1886

TO THE PUBLIC.

We begin the new year with a renewed determination to still better serve the interests of our patrons and the public in general. That our efforts in this direction are appreciated we have no room to doubt. We are grateful for the liberal support which the public have accorded us during the past year and which has rendered it one of success to us. Our Stock will always be found to be well assorted as it is ordered with great care and with a view of supplying you with just such Goods as you require. In this way our shelves are never loaded with unsalable goods; on the contrary everything is fresh and in season. Our large and commodious store house in rear of store is now completed and we are prepared to receive all kinds of grain, also Pork, Hides, Sheepskins, Tallow, Wool, &c., &c. For these we offer the highest cash price. When disposing of your oats be sure and get our bid before selling. It will always be worth your trouble. Our object is to keep the price of produce as high as possible.

Grain can be driven right to storehouse door and there weighed without further trouble.

Another consignment of Crockery and Glassware to hand. Cups and Saucers (Willow Pattern) by the dozen or half dozen, also plates to match. See them.

We trust to merit a continuance of your patronage.

H. C. YOUNG,
Manager.

In
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Boots & Shoes,
and
Groceries
Our Stock is very complete.
Also full line in
HARDWARE
and
PROVISIONS.

See our Womens' Boots only 90c. Extra value.

J. F. YOUNG.

1885-XMAS - NEW YEAR-1886

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Useful and Ornamental. The best stock in the County of Haliburton at the Drug Store, Minden.

F. R. CURRY.
December, 15th, 1885

ASTRACHAN MANTLES

In Sacques and Newmarkets

Are the best, most durable and comfortable garment a lady can provide herself with. They are appropriate for any and all occasions besides being the most economical and the only fur coat that rain will not seriously injure, and is entirely free from the attacks of moths. Notwithstanding the great number already sold in this locality the present indications are that the demand will be larger than ever this season and as a moderately good Astrachan Mantle will last a lady from 8 to 12 years ordinary wear, every intending purchaser should make it a point to buy early as it is then and only then you can get first choice and first choice means the best and handsomest goods.

The City Store in view of this large demand for first class reliable goods has taken great precaution to provide only the best all hand-made, every seam well taped and interlined with strong linen throughout, and none but the best blue backed skeins of genuine London dye used in the manufacture of these garments.

By constant care and a thorough knowledge we have gained a reputation for Astrachan Mantles that we cannot afford to jeopardise, and those who want a good reliable fur garment and the largest stock in the Midland district to choose from without the possibility of purchasing a bad one should come to the City Store without any more ado.

We have a most complete range of prices.

Soothern, Cathro & Mark,
CITY DRAPERS and CLOTHIERS, LINDSAY,
No. 2, Dobson's Block, 2 Doors West of the Post Office.
Lindsay, Sept. 15th, 1885.

TRAPPERS AND FUR COLLECTORS.

I will pay the highest market prices for Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Mink, Rats, Wolf, and all other kinds of fur, will also buy wild animals alive. Send for price list to
GEO. W. GOERNFLO,
Dec. 19th, 1885. HAMILTON, ONT.

THE ELECTIONS.

In Minden the [illegible] of the municipal elections prove that [illegible] rightly understood the opinions and [illegible] the people of this section, whatever [illegible] about the people of Minden [illegible] are clear headed enough to look after their own interests and are seldom to be deceived with the palaver or by the wiles of self interested individuals let their pretences be ever so plausible. The figures [illegible] to 20 are a fair estimate of the value and usefulness of the two candidates for the reeveship in Minden. Mr. Gainer admits quite freely himself that he is not without fault and we have never sought to lead our readers to think so, but we have said, and [illegible] again that he has always been a faithful and energetic supporter and advocate of the interests of his constituents, and he deserves well to be placed in the proud position he was on polling day by the votes of the people whom he has served so long. His opponent we do not wish to say [illegible] word, we told him he was unfit for the position, that the people did not want his services in public matters, that it was very cruel and heartless of him to act and talk as he did on the platform nomination day; the people have most emphatically impressed upon him by their votes that we were right, and the two men whom he talked against and sinfully mocked, received the support of the ratepayers 4 to 1 against him. Mr Cook as far as municipal honors are concerned is dead, and buried too deep for any hope of resuscitation, the mound being marked No. 26, where we leave him with his bosom friend, who dropped into the same hole. The council is just about the same as we expected it to stand. Messrs. Dauncey and Wilson are two useful men, while Messrs. Blair and Morrison are both respectable men, who will, we believe, honestly perform their duties in the position to which they have been elected.

In Lutterworth there was a very keen contest in the canvass, but so far as the reeveship was concerned, the ratepayers stamped their opinions so emphatically by their votes that the result crushes for all time the aspirations of Mr. Kellatt, who received only 20 votes to Mr. Hartle's 72. Lutterworth may now fairly expect to have their municipal affairs looked after and their financial position improved. In the contest between the councillors we were sorry to find Mr. Hulbig left out as he has been a most useful man in the Council, but the vote was so divided among so many candidates that the two new men in his section split the vote beyond a chance for success, however he has the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Lyle who takes his place is an energetic young man that we trust will prove a useful member of the Council, the other three councilmen of last year were re elected.

In Snowdon, the old Council has been re-elected with the exception of Mr. Martin who has been replaced by Mr. Thos. Hoyle.

In Stanhope as already announced, the old council was unanimously re-elected.

In Dysart, the contest for the reeveship was between Messrs. Niven and Bain both of whom had previously filled the position. Mr. Niven, however, was the successful candidate. The councillors are Messrs. Agnew, Gould, Dugair and [illegible], all gentlemen who have previously occupied seats at the council board.

In Monmouth, Mr. Conkell has been again elected reeve.

In Cardiff, Mr. [illegible] has been defeated, Mr. Benjamin Woods being the present reeve, and Messrs. Thompson, McFadden, Dixon and Evans, councillors. The contest was lively and the vote the largest ever polled in that township. We understand Mr. Woods is a popular man and well fitted to fill the position to which he has been elected with credit to himself and advantage to his constituents.

Glamorgan retained their present reeve Mr. McColl, by acclamation. Mr. McColl has proved his ability to fill the position satisfactorily to his constituents and with credit to himself. We shall be glad to see him in his old seat at the County Council.

The councillors are Messrs. James Mintz, Sidney Switzer, Adam Graham and Henry Raby.

We hope the year 1886, will be a year of peace and progress in this county, and we trust all minor bickerings and local jealousies will be subordinated to an earnest and united effort to advance the best interests of the whole county. Should this be the case its future will be marked by steady progress which is already apparent in many portions of the county, and it will be the aim and desire this journal to use its utmost exertion to further such a desirable condition of affairs.

LOCAL ECHOES.

Many Minor Matters Muchly Mixed.

The new township councils meet on Monday next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Mr. C. B. Taylor took away a large drove of sheep and cattle on Tuesday, nearly all of which he purchased from Mr. Wm. Gainer.

A new furniture shop is being started in this village by Mr. Hollifrased, formerly of the township of Snowdon. We wish him ample success in his undertaking.

Agricultural.—The annual meeting of the Agricultural Society for electing officers and auditing the accounts took place yesterday in the Secretary's office, Minden village.

We understand that Miss Carrie Hartle has been engaged as teacher of school house No. —, Lutterworth. Miss Hartle is a faithful and efficient teacher, and we congratulate the people of the section who have secured her valuable services.

A Generous Gift.—Judge Dean, who acted as referee in the arbitration case here with Messrs. Fielding and Delamere, instructed the latter gentleman to collect his arbitration fees and use it as he Mr. Delamere thought best as chairman of the school board for the benefit of the village school.

Lake Route.—Mr. T. Leary, Government contractor for carrying the mails between Minden and Coboconk, has established a track on the ice the whole length of Gull lake. This shortens the distance and enables Mr. Leary to make better time. Mr. Leary is usually the first man to establish a track on the ice of Gull lake.

Another Team Drowned.—It is reported that a valuable team belonging to Mr. Lane, of Haliburton, was lost in the ice on Red Stone Lake, last week, together with a load of supplies they were hauling to the lumber shanties. The driver and another person with him had a narrow escape themselves.

Fire.—Mr. John Francis, an Englishman, lately arrived in this country, who bought Mr. D. Kellatt's farm, lot 27, con. A, Lutterworth, had the misfortune to have his house and nearly all its contents destroyed by fire on Thursday night last. The fire originated in a defective chimney.

Ice.—We notice Mr. Morrow, of the Dominion Hotel, is cutting splendid ice on Gull river at the village bridge. It is clear and solid, and about a foot thick, altho' it has only been a few days freezing. However, such cold weather as we have had now steadily for about a week, will make not only ice but also blue noses and aching fingers and toes.

Personal.—Mrs. James Bell and Miss Hartley, of Dunsford, have been visiting for the past week at Mr. H. Sluman's. Mr. E. Williams, the watchmaker, will return to Minden this week. He will be found at Mr. B. Eastman's store. Miss Eastman is visiting friends in Lindsay. Mrs. John Gittens left town for Toronto on Monday last.

Diphtheria.—Mr. William Sawyers, Anson, lost another of his children from this dread disease on Wednesday of last week. This is the third fatal case in his family. Another of his children has it, but is thought to be progressing favorably towards convalescence. Mr Sawyers and his wife have the sincere sympathy of a large number of friends in their severe affliction.

The Churches.—Owing to Mr. Dean's absence, there was no service held in St. Paul's church, Minden, on Sunday last. Mr. Kelly, Baptist minister, preached in the Presbyterian church in the afternoon and in the Methodist church in the evening, when he had a crowded house. We understand, Mr Kelly is to preach in future in the Presbyterian church every second Sunday afternoon.

Arbitration.—The matters in dispute between Mr. F. Wilson and W. Archer, both of Minden township, were referred to Messrs. W. Fielding and J. H. Delamere for settlement, and they selected His Honor Judge Dean for referee, and we understand the differences of these gentlemen have been amicably and satisfactorily arranged between them thus saving expensive litigation.

Mr. Stephen Dawson lost a very valuable team of horses in the ice on Baskung Lake last week. He was on his way to assist a neighbor to thresh at the time and altho' the ice was good, he happened to get on a spot where there were two cracks running towards a point, which broke off with the weight of the team. Mr. Dawson has the sympathy of all who know him in his loss. The team was said to be worth $250.

Social Gathering.—A large and successful party was held at the residence of W. Hartle, Esq., the newly elected reeve of Lutterworth on Friday evening last. About fifty guests were present and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly in the mazy dance, tripping the light fantastic toe away past the wee sma' hours. The music was excellent, and the magnificent repast provided as supper for the guests, was characteristic of Mrs. Hartle's hospitality. It takes the ladies of this back country to provide a good repast, and Mrs. Hartle on this occasion sustained her reputation as an adept in the art of housekeeping.

Lady Voters.—It is gratifying to find that the ladies are largely availing themselves of the privilege now accorded them of using the franchise. In Toronto they formed an important factor in the cause of religion and temperance, and we hope to see them continue to exert their influence at the polls on behalf of all that is good, true and progressive. In the township of Lutterworth, Mesdames Waugh and Greselle, were the first ladies to exercise the franchise and in Minden township, Mrs. Sharpe led the van. We have no doubt these ladies voted for the best man and consequently did not lose their votes.

Smokers, Beware!—Rachel Varble, of Owingsville, Ky., died the other day, and the attending physician says that there is no doubt but what she went to her grave the victim of tobacco poisoning. She had been a slave to the weed all her life, and even on her death-bed her last words were: "Oh, give me another pull at my old pipe." This should be a warning to tobacco consumers, and it is to be hoped that those who read of the sad fate of the above mentioned lady will profit by it. It might be said, before closing that she was 111 years of age when she departed this life.

Personal.—Mr. J. G. Dean, church of England missionary here, started on a trip to London, England, on Thursday last, going by way of New York. His many friends in this locality, wish him a pleasant and prosperous journey and a quick return. He expects to be able to settle his business in England and get back to his labors here for Sunday the 14th of February. This will only necessitate his absence for four more Sundays. Mr. Dean has been but a short time here, but during that period he has made many fast friends, and endeared himself to most of our settlers. His unselfish devotion to the sick and dying during the diphtheria epidemic is fresh in the minds of everybody, and was worthy of all praise. His self imposed task of tending the sick, not only of the members of his own church, but other Christian denominations as well, showed that he was imbued with the true spirit of his Master in doing good to all men. His success in his ministerial duties has been very great as evinced by the large and increasing congregations attending his services, so that St. Paul's church is usually crowded at every service. The appreciation of his services has also been very apparent. The enthusiastic manner in which his friends here subscribed to purchase him a horse to enable him the more fully to perform the duties of his mission, showed that he had struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his people that was alike creditable to both him and them. We trust he will return with renewed vigor to resume the good work he has commenced and that his success shall not only continue but increase in the future.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Where you are going next Christmas?

If "John" will go deer hunting again without a gun?

If the Minden township council will form a "clique" this year?

If the ratepayers in Lutterworth intend entering an action against the municipality and paying the costs themselves.

Why Mr. "C." waited until after all the good looking young men left, before he would dance on Friday night?

Who the young man was that tried to pond himself off as a married man by dancing in the "old folks" dance at the party on Friday night?

FIRST DIVISION COURT.

The January sitting of the Division Court was held in the Court House, Minden, on Tuesday last and was presided over by His Honor Judge Dean. This was the first time His Honor had held a Court in the Provisional County of Haliburton and he took the opportunity of the occasion to give some good advice to the large number of persons in the Court Room about frivolous litigation, small suits were sometimes brought into court unnecessarily, and he advised as much as possible to have their little matters settled outside the court. Still, he said, it was much better to have these differences disposed of in court than to resort to quarrelling or angry disputations over them. The Judges' remarks were very attentively and respectfully listened to and we hope they will have their weight. His judgments were clear and comprehensive and altho' a judge can scarcely ever satisfy a defeated litigant yet Judge Dean's decisions were convincing and forcible and commanded the respect of suiters.

There were but a few cases on the docket and some of them of a very trifling character.

Bonny v. Clarke was a claim for a five dollar bill lent by the plaintiff to defendant; against which a contra claim was set up. Several witnesses were called and the result was a verdict for 35 cents without costs for the plaintiff. Mr. Delamere for the plaintiff.

McNally v. Vinsin.—This was the result of an neighbourly squabble about some pigs and potatoes and much eloquence was expanded by both the litigants. His Honour advised them to go into a quiet corner and take some of their neighbours with them and settle it and if they could not manage that the case would be called again and he would dispose of it.

Gainer v. Stata was a replevin case, the plaintiff having seized some chattels under execution against Alonza Stata, which were claimed by his son John Stata. Ten witnesses were examined in the case, resulting in a verdict for the plaintiff as relating to a quantity of hay seized and in favour of the claimant as to a yoke of steers and two calves, the parties themselves afterwards coming to an amiable sentlement of the whole matter in dispute. Mr. Delamere appeared in the case for the plaintiff.

McNally v. Vinsin not having arrived at an amiable understanding about the potatoes and pigs and other matters, again appeared before His Honor, who must have been impressed with the vigor and volumes of true back country eloquence where occasion demanded the effort. In this case there was $2.40 involved and the arguments were about at the same pace. Verdict for plaintiff.

MONMOUTH.

Correspondence of The Echo.

Election Notes.—Now, I suppose, the municipal elections are all over, but time nor space would not allow me to relate all I know concerning the election in Monmouth. One thing is worth noting that there were more votes polled than ever before at any previous election. There were also the largest number on the ballots, consequently there were more disappointed ones. The following are the ones elected: Henry Conkell, Reeve; Edward Buchanan, John W. Hales, Charles Roberts and Thomas Clark, Councillors. The election being over Henry Conkell kindly thanked the ratepayers for their liberal support and stated that he had received the largest vote that has ever been polled in Monmouth, and wound up by giving an invitation to his supporters to an oyster supper. Mr. Conkell received a postal card the next day from some unknown person but supposed to be a [illegible] for the candidate council who withheld his name from the card, and the worst writing and spelling you ever saw. No wonder that he was ashamed to sign his name to that card and then there was no common sense to the thing. The following is a copy as it reads:

Jan. 5th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—You spouted well yesterday at the clock, did you aware anyone yesterday, no. Now your oisters is ilegal dant dair to take its seet antill you awaire your sentiments if you can do you will do well it is iligal through your neglect." Now what would you think of a man who would write such a card as the above, would he be a suitable person for the council. What did he mean by, "illegal oysters?" he did not say the oyster supper was illegal. Now I know they are all right at daddy Siemans in Minden, for I have tried them and they were all right but those oysters he speaks of were bought of John Anderson in Haliburton and he would not keep anything that was illegal. Perhaps the party will write again and explain what he means for I do not think any person else can understand him.

THE SCOTT MURDER.

The editor of the Selkirk, Man., Record, who was one of Riel's prisoners in 1870, copies the Rev. Dr. Young's graphic letter on the murder of Thos. Scott, and vouches for its exact truthfulness. He adds further:—"We remember full well when we were surrounded by Riel's treachery, and made prisoners, how Mr. Riel addressed his ragged crew in a bombastic speech, and pointing at us, 'Vous ayez les chiens la; traitez les comme les chiens.' 'You have dogs there; treat them like dogs.' And right well his rebel banditti carried out his behests. Twenty six persons were thrown into a room 16 feet by 12, where we were forced to break some of the window panes to prevent suffocation, and there we were for three months, without fire, and snow often lying thick upon us in the morning, blown in through the broken windows, fed upon rotten pemmican or such garbage as his filthy crowd of robbers saw fit to give us. After undergoing such an ordeal it cannot be supposed that we, at least, can for a moment feel an atom of sympathy for the fate of Riel. The account of the fortitude he displayed on the gallows, the full relation of his last words, the gushing admiration of his beauty when laid in his coffin, the ceremonies attendant upon his remains when consigned to the grave, and the crowds who witnessed his interment, go with us for nothing."

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. has been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favourable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

LINDSAY MARKET PRICES.

[Corrected weekly.]

Fall Wheat	0 70	to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0 70	to 0 80
Barley, per bushel	0 00	to 0 80
Oats, "	0 30	to 0 32
Peas, "	0 55	to 0 60
Marrowfat peas	0 75	to 0 80
Rye "	0 00	to 0 50
Clover seed	6 00	to 6 10
Clover " Alsike	4 50	to 7 00
Timothy seed	1 50	to 2 00
Flour, new process, spring, 100 lbs	2 55	to 2 75
Flour, new process, mixed 100 lbs	2 35	to 2 55
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2 00	to 2 40
Cornmeal, "	1 00	to 2 00
Bran, per ton	12 00	to 14 00
Shorts, "	15 00	to 17 00
Potatoes, new	0 30	to 0 35
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0 15	to 0 16
Butter per lb	0 09	to 0 13
Butter in Firkins	0 10	to 0 12
Cheese (in ball)	0 08	to 0 09
Lard per lb	0 00	to 0 10
Tallow, per lb	0 05	to 0 06
Geese, per lb	0 00	to 0 08
Turkeys, per lb	0 09	to 0 10
Chickens, per pair	0 25	to 0 30
Sugar cured hams	0 12	to 0 13
Bacon, 100 lbs	7 00	to 8 00
Mess Pork, per bbl	13 00	to 14 00
Salt, per bbl	0 00	to 1 00
Straw, per load	2 00	to 3 [illegible]
Hay, per ton	8 00	to 10 [illegible]
Calfskins, per lb	0 00	to 0 10
Lambskins	0 40	to 0 80
Wool	0 17	to 0 18
Cordwood, hard, per cord sawed	3 50	to 4 00
Cordwood, hard, per cord long	3 00	to 3 50
Cordwood, soft, per cord	1 75	to 2 00
Beef Hides	6 00	to 7 00

For Sale.

A thoroughbred Jersey bull, 2 years old. Will sell cheap for cash, or exchange for young cattle or colt.

WM. FIELDING.

The County Council of the Provisional County of Haliburton, will meet at the Court House, Minden, on Tuesday, the 20th January, instant, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the election of a Warden and the transaction of general business.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
County Clerk.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Irondale, Bancroft and Ottawa Railway Company will apply to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session, for an extension of the time for building their line of railway; for power to extend their line of railway to some point on Georgian Bay or some point on a line of railway running thereto and for other purposes,

JOHN LEYS,
Solicitor for Company.
Toronto, Jan'y 5th, 1886.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Ontario Legislature at its next session for an Act confirming an agreement entered into between the Municipality of Dysart and the Canadian Land and Emigration Company (Limited) on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, relating to the assessment of the Company's property in the Municipality of Dysart, and relating to the settlement of an action brought by the Company in connection with the assessment of their said property, and giving power to the Municipality to carry over a portion of their present indebtedness to another year if it should be thought advisable so to do, and for other purposes connected with the affairs of the said Municipality of Dysart.

Dated this 27th day of November, A. D. 1885.

Yours &c.,
WELLS, GORDON & SAMPSON,
Solicitors for Applicants.

An Anti-Alcoholic New Year's.

George Adolphus Grigg,
Heavy swell and dandy,
Dressed up in full rig,
Took a drop of brandy
Just to give him tone,
Brace him up while crawling
In a style his own
New Year's morning calling.

He made his first salaam
Unto the Misses Brighthead.
"A hapnooyear," he said.
"Refreshments? Aw, delighted;
A glawss of sherry? Thanks;
So many calls to make, ah,
Keep steady in the ranks,
Strong bouillon cannot take, ah!"

Next on the Misses Twigg
Called George Adolphus, gayly.
"Now, really, Mr. Grigg,"
Said Miss Jane Twigg, genteelly,
"If I might make so free,
You look a trifle chilly.
You'll take some catnip tea?"
He felt 'twas willy nilly.

George looked a little wry,
But gulped it down quite easy,
Then with a faint "Oh, my!"
Began to feel real wheezy.
Next off into the Browns—
Sweet girls he'd fain have kissed,
If he dared, but sounds!
He had 'em on his list.

"Dear George," cried Mrs. B.,
Your looking quite on tension,
Do let me give you—see,
A little drop of gentian."
"Now, don't you find it nice?"
Cried all the girls in chorus,
"So splendid with crushed ice—
Pray take a plaster porous."

"Why, gracious, what's amiss?"
Cried Mrs. Jones Van Blister,
As George essayed to kiss
Evadne Maud, her sister.
"Pulse high, eye bright—'tis clear
He needs treatment Siberian;
Here, swallow this, George, dear,
'Tis tincture of valerian."

Next at the Bells he rung,
And Mrs. Bell told quickly
His withers were unstrung,
He really did look sickly.
"Run, girls, some cocaine—
Poor George is faint, I know it.
Or would you take quinine?"
George faintly murmured, "Blow it!"

Poor Grigg, now fairly floored,
Made one attempt to rally,
'Twas where he used to board,
The girl's name was Sally;
But when the mother saw
Him quiver like suc-co-tash
She said—her will was law—
"Bring Sali Bromide of Potash."

Enough! Adolphus Grigg
Made one bolt for the door.
Rushed he in ruffled rig
Into the nearest "store."
"I'm poisoned, waiter, bring,"
He cried in accents thick,
"Six Scotches in a sling,
And, dimme! bring 'em quick."

The New Year.

I used to think the year was long;
I was a boy then, young and strong,
With spirits all aglow;
Impatient for the time to come
When I should strike the whole world dumb
By one stupendous blow.

I struck the blow—the world went on
Unmoved, and days have come and gone,
And I am still the same;
A little older grown, 'tis true,
And so, indeed, dear friend, have you,
And others I might name.

Fame—fortune—I could always hear
Their echoes in the coming year,
Like bells across the snow;
Like bells that through the night air chime,
Now all melodious, now sublime,
Now swelling and now low.

Those boyish hopes and plans are past;
The years came slowly, but went fast,
Each swifter than before;
The bells ring out as cheerily
For others as they did for me,
But ah! for me no more.

But hark! I hear the glorious truth
That was but shadowed in my youth
Now pealing loud and clear;
The truth that something better lies
Beyond than all that now I prize
Brings in this glad New Year.

Then good-bye, Old Year, if you must,
And welcome, New Year, to your trust,
We greet you with a prayer:
Keep us from sorrow and from strife,
And bring us peace and love and life,
Through all your seasons fair.

Mother's Room.

I'm awful sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of things the heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout;
It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In my mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more,
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It's jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low;
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else; and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*Harper's Young People.*

At the Stroke of Midnight.

My soul, watching and musing, saw this sight:
Two mighty angels, swift and full of power,
Meet and clasp hands, yet stay not in their flight,
Cleaving the zenith at the midnight hour—
Clasp and unclasp, swift as a thought may be;
One upward and the other downward bent;
One with a countenance serenely free—
The other, thoughtful, as on service sent.

But sure and swift as holy prayers arise,
The angel of the Past Year sought God's face;
He knew the constellations, and with eyes
And heart uplifted passed the starry space;
And swift and bright as sunshine from the skies
Came the strong angel of the Earth's New Year;
And while he stood with calm and watchful eyes
The last sharp stroke of midnight smote my ear.

—Amelia E. Barr.

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" and "Bonnie Doon;"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

And I will dream as I hear your voice,
Sweet, and tender, and strong, and clear,
Like your mother's voice, when those songs she sung
Long ago when we both were young—
You are so like her, dear.

Take down her harp and touch the strings;
Too long, too long have they silent been;
My heart has been full of hurry and strife,
And the care and worry of active life—
I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon;"
Your mother sang that song to you
While she rocked you there on her breast to sleep—
Dear little daughter, do not weep—
Sing me the old songs, too.

Sing "Logan Water" and "Land o' the Leal,"
"Annie Laurie" and "Banks o' Dee;"
Dear old songs that we never forget;
Over my heart they are echoing yet;
She sang them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be
As the tuneful lays of the days of yore
Sung by mother and sister and wife;
And now, my child, in this later life
I would hear these songs once more.

So sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" or "Bonnie Doon;"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

Not a Suspicious Person.

A patrolman on Second street pulled the bell of a house at 10 o'clock the other evening, and said to the lady who came to the door:

"Madam, a man whose actions are very suspicious has just entered the yard by the alley gate. Wouldn't it be well for me to search the premises?"

"Oh, no, sir," she sweetly replied. "That suspicious person is my husband. When he comes home sober, he enters at the front door. When he is tight he sneaks in at the back gate. You need never raise an alarm over him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

The director stepped back and Schaffer shrugged his shoulders; they had now learned to know their young chief well enough to understand that this tone would admit of no contradiction.

"I miss Hartmann among the mob," said Arthur, turning to the chief engineer. "He is usually the leader in all uproar and tumult; but to-day he seems to have only urged the men on to the attack and then to have left them alone. He is nowhere visible."

"And I, too, have missed him for a quarter of an hour," returned the engineer thoughtfully. "I hope he is not stirring up new mischief somewhere else. You command the guards stationed at the machine-houses to be withdrawn, Herr Berkow?"

"Certainly. We want the few men at our disposal here at the house; and now that entrance has been forced into the mines, they, as well as the machines, are quite secure. Nothing can be done without endangering the workmen below."

"With such a leader would this be a consideration?" asked the officer doubtfully.

Arthur's brow grew dark. "I might have thought of that! Hartmann is an uncontrolled, savage nature when enraged; but he is not a villain and what you have hinted at would be villainy. He would have destroyed the machines so as to hinder the descent; and as he could not hinder it, why do you believe that he would so insanely fall upon the machine houses? It certainly would not be to expose his father and comrades to destruction. He wished to recall his former orders, and when he saw that we were ahead of him, he became enraged at the failure of his plans against us. The descent alone has saved us the machines. No one lifts his hand against them while the overseer and the rest are in the mines, but, instead, they direct the storm against the house. I will go out and make an effort to quell it."

During the last weeks the officers had become accustomed to see their chief enter into scenes like this with the utmost daring and without regard to personal danger; but to-day warnings and entreaties were heard from all sides. Even the chief engineer for this once joined in, while Schaffer, who well knew from what source alone expostulation could avail, turned to Eugenie, who still stood at her husband's side.

"Do not let him go, your ladyship, not to-day. To-day it is more perilous than upon all days before. The miners are terribly excited and this time Hartmann is playing a desperate game against us. Keep our chief back!"

The young wife became deathly pale at this warning, which only too well confirmed her own fears; but she retained her self-possession; a part of Arthur's calmness seemed to have passed over to her.

"My husband has declared to me that he must make the effort," she returned firmly, "and he shall not say that I, with tears and entreaties, kept him back from what he deemed his duty. Let him go!"

Arthur clasped her hand still more firmly in his own, but he thanked her only with a glance.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "take an example from the courage of my wife. She certainly has the most to tremble for. I repeat to you, the attempt must be made. Let the doors be opened."

"We all go with you!" cried the chief engineer. "Fear nothing, my lady; I will not leave your husband's side."

Arthur calmly but firmly declined the proffer. "I thank you; but you remain here and the other gentlemen likewise; I go alone. In such a case, the solitary man is safest from the mob. The appearance of you all might seem a challenge. Only hold yourselves ready, if things come to the worst, to cover my retreat into the house. Farewell, Eugenie!"

He went, accompanied to the steps by the chief engineer and the other officers. No one made any further effort to hold him back; they all knew that in his appearance among the mob outside lay the only possibility of averting a danger, to withstand which for many hours, here within the house, seemed difficult if not impossible.

Eugenie hastened to a window. She did not see that all present in anxious suspense pressed to the other windows; she did not hear the half-audible remarks exchanged between the director and Schaffer, who stood immediately behind her; she saw only the wild, excited multitude, which, head crowding above head, surrounded the house and with savage yells demanded the release of the prisoners—the multitude which would now hurl itself against her husband alone, and the next moment, perhaps, threaten his life.

The more elegant than strong iron fence of the park had already yielded to the storm, it lay in ruins on the ground. The costly and carefully-kept pleasure grounds, trodden down by hundreds of footsteps, presented only a wild chaos of earth, flower pots and trampled shrubs. The foremost had already reached the terrace, and from there had forced their way close up to the house; already some fists were armed with stones to hurl against the windows. Shouts, threats, cries of all kinds blent wildly together; the tumult increased from minute to minute, until it mounted to a howl of a moment's duration which had no longer anything human in its sound.

Then, all at once, there was a deep, breathless calm. The tumult died away suddenly, as if some Celestial power had commanded silence. The wildly-excited groups paused; the mob swayed back as if it had encountered some sudden resistance; and all eyes, all faces, turned in one direction. The front door was opened, and the young chief stepped out upon the terrace.

The silence was of only a few moments' duration; then the momentary surprise yielded to a renewed outbreak of fury more terrible than the first; and now it had a better object. All these furious outcries, all these faces distorted by rage, all these threateningly-lifted arms, which just before had menaced the house and its inmates, now turned against a single one; but this one was the chief, the master of the works, and what the father, with his mechanical genius, with his persistent endurance and his tyrannical will had not been able to establish in years, the son had enforced in a few weeks—his absolute personal authority. It availed even here, where all the bands of order were loosened. Calmly he let the storm rage around him; the slender form erect, the large eyes steady and clear turned to the throng, every one of which was his superior in strength, and from which he had no protection save his authority. There he stood opposed to them, entirely alone and unarmed; but he stood there as if these surging waves of insurrection must break against him.

And, in truth, they did break. Gradually the uproar subsided; it subsided into cries, then murmurs; at last these also died away. And now arose Berkow's voice, at first inaudible amid the excitement, and still often interrupted by the tumult, which, by fits and starts, again broke forth; but which, often as it rose, again sank powerless, and at last entirely ceased; so that only the voice of the young chief was heard, which, clear, loud and distinct, rose above all and became intelligible to the most distant.

"God be thanked!" murmured Schaffer, as he wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, "now he has them in rein. The mob foams at the mouth and rears but it obeys. Only see, your ladyship, how the excitement is subsiding—how all fall back! They are really leaving the terrace, and see there, the stones, also, are falling to the ground! If Heaven only keeps Hartmann away just now, the danger is over."

He did not know with what mental anguish Eugenie was repeating this prayer in her soul. She had been continually seeking that dreaded form amid the mob; and so long as it was not visible she kept up her courage, so long she believed Arthur safe. But now hope and security were at an end.

It might be that the sudden cessation of the uproar he had intentionally aroused called back the missing one, or that a suspicion of what had happened drew him hither at the decisive moment. As if he stepped out of the earth, Ulrich Hartmann suddenly stood at the park gate behind the mob; and a single glance told him how matters stood.

CHAPTER XX.

"Cowards you are, all of you!" he cried in a voice of thunder to his comrades, as, followed by Lorenz and the master-miner Wilms, he forced his way through the dense mass. "I hardly supposed that you would allow yourselves to fall into his net while we went to ascertain where the prisoners had been taken. We know now. They are there in the lower story of the right tower, close behind the great hall. Break in the plate-glass window, and then we have no need to storm the door."

No one obeyed the command, and yet it did not remain ineffectual. There is nothing more wavering of soul, more will-less, than an excited mob which is wont to allow itself to be controlled by the will of one man. In all this tumult and uproar, just subsided, there had been a lack of purpose, an indecision, which would never have gone as far as a direct attack. The eye, the arm of the leader had been wanting; now they were present, and the moment his hand again grasped the reins he gave the mob a decided purpose. They now knew where the prisoners could be found, they knew the way to them, and this awakened anew the danger which had been only partially overcome.

Ulrich at this moment gave himself little concern whether or not his orders were obeyed. He had forced his way to the terrace and now stood close before the young chief, with the whole obstinacy and pride of his uncontrollable nature, with his giant form towering almost a head above all the others. He was the born leader of the masses, whose wild energy, whose despotic will impelled them on to a blind obedience, and who, in spite of all that had happened, all that, perhaps, might happen, still for the moment had unlimited power over them. The whole victory which Arthur had won was imperilled, if not destroyed, by the mere appearance of this man, whose individuality was at least as powerful in its workings as his own.

"Where are our comrades?" asked Hartmann threateningly, as he stepped nearer. "We will have them released this instant. We allow no outrages against any of our men."

"And I allow no destroying of my machines," interrupted Arthur with calm dignity. "I have had the men shut up, although they were only the tools of another hand. Who ordered the attack upon the machines?"

Ulrich's eyes flashed fearfully but triumphantly, he had foreseen this firmness and had built his plans upon it. He wanted no excuse for attack; he would, at any cost, gratify his hatred; but his men, who were already wavering and threatening to desert colors, needed such excuse; this would goad on anew the faint-hearted ones, and the rival was brave and proud enough to allow him this.

"I need not bandy words with you!" he cried derisively, "and I certainly need not allow you to listen to me with that arrogant air. Once again I tell you, release those prisoners! The miners demand it, or—" his glance finished the threat.

"The prisoners remain in confinement," declared Arthur unmoved, "and you, Hartmann, have no longer a right to speak to me in the name of all the miners; more than half have already deserted you. I have nothing more to say to you."

"But I have to you!" cried Ulrich, beside himself. "To our comrades!" he shouted, turning to the excited mob. "Strike [illegible] down all that oppose you! Forward!"

He was about to fall upon Berkow first of all, and thereby give the signal for attack, but before this could happen, before it was decided whether the mob would yield or deny him obedience, there was heard a strange sound which made all tremble and caused even the wild leader to pause in horror, while he, like the others, listened spell-bound and in breathless silence. It was a sound like distant, hollow thunder, which seemed to come from the depths of the earth, and was followed by a momentary underground reverberation. Then all became still as death and hundreds of faces, white with terror, turned in the direction of the works.

"God of Heaven! That came from the mines; something has happened there!" cried Lorenz, starting up.

"It was an explosion," said the chief engineer, who during the last few critical moments had stood at the vestibule below, at the head of the younger officers and the whole available force of servants, so as to be ready to hasten to the help of the chief. "An accident has happened at the mines, Herr Berkow. We must go over."

For an instant horror seemed to palsy all around. No one stirred; the warning had been too terrible. At the very moment when one party with deadly hatred would have hurled itself against the other, a mortal danger had overtaken their brethren down in the mines, and imperiously summoned them from assault to rescue. Arthur was the first to recover his self-possession.

"To the mines!" he cried to his officers, who now, rushing out of the house, gathered around him, and he himself gave the example, as in advance of all he hastened to the works.

"To the mines!" thundered Ulrich also to the miners, but the command was no longer needed; the whole mass, in bewildered haste, were already rushing in that direction, their leader at their head; he and Berkow were the first to reach the works, and both reached them almost at the same moment.

There was no outward evidence of the work of the destroying element, none but the dense pillars of smoke which rose above the shafts. These told what had happened, and they told enough. In less than ten minutes the whole space around the mines was filled with men whose first dumb horror had now yielded to loud outbursts of anguish, terror and despair.

There is something terrible and yet sublime in such a great misfortune which does not come from mortal hand; for it almost always redeems the honor of human nature and purifies it from those baser passions which usually disfigure and overshadow it.

Here the change in the people's mood had been so sudden, so lightning-like in its swiftness, that it no longer seemed the same mob which a few minutes before had raged around the house, menacing all its inmates with violence and, perhaps, murder, because their insane demands were not granted. Strife, hostility, hatred, fostered for months long, all had now subsided into the one thought of rescue. To this rescue alike hurried miners and officers, friend and foe; and the most violent of the rioters now led the band. An hour ago they had threatened their comrades, had laid violent hands on them, and would have stricken them down if it had not been the father of Ulrich Hartmann who led them to the mines, and now—when these very comrades were in mortal danger—now, every one would have risked his life to save them. The fearful warning had borne its fruit.

"Back!" cried Arthur imperiously as he confronted the bewildered, aimless throng. "You cannot just now help; you only hinder the efforts of the officers. It must first be decided how and where we can enter the shafts. Let the chief engineer take the lead." "Let the chief engineer take the lead!" repeated the foremost, and the cry went through the line, and the dense mass at once opened a path for that officer, who, with his subordinates, was already upon the spot.

"To go down yonder will be an impossibility," said the chief engineer to Arthur, pointing to the lower shaft, which was connected with the others and at whose mouth smoke and vapor arose in mighty columns. "We have made the attempt, but in vain; nothing human can breathe in that infernal air. Hartmann tried it, but, after a few steps, he retreated half-stifled and had to bring out Lorenzo with him, who had followed, but had fallen at the very entrance. Our only hope lies in the upper shaft. Set the machinery in motion; we must descend there."

The machine-master, to whom the last words were addressed, and who had stood near pale and agitated, made no motion to obey.

"The machines refuse to do their work," he said in a voice of anguish, "they have for an hour. I should before have announced it to the officers, but my messenger could not make his way to them through the mob, and I thought that in any event the miners could ascend through the lower shaft. We have already worked a long time upon the elevator, but in vain. It cannot be made available."

"Heaven and earth! Do they fail us now?" cried the chief engineer, rushing into the machine-house.

"But the footway shaft?" said Arthur hastily, turning to the director. "Can we not go down there?"

The director shook his head. "The footway shaft has been impassable since this morning. You know, Herr Berkow, that Hartmann had all the upper ladders destroyed because he would, at any price, hinder the descent of the miners. He did not fully succeed; the workmen went down the main shaft and at present this is our only entrance into the mines."

Ulrich now appeared with Wilms and several of his usual companions. "Nothing is going on down there," he said to his comrades, as he made his way through all. "We are sacrificing life needlessly when we ought to be rescuing it. Perhaps we can do so here. Why is the elevator not at work? We must go down by its help."

As he was violently rushing forward he suddenly met the young chief, who gazed sternly at him.

"The elevator will not work," he said, loudly and sharply, "it ceased an hour ago, and ten minutes ago the accident happened. These two events have no connection, but it was just an hour ago we arrested your three men. What had they done, Hartmann?"

Ulrich staggered back as if he had received a blow. "I recalled my order," said he, "the moment my father went down and the others followed. I went myself to hinder its execution, but the mischief had already been done. I did not wish it. God knows I did not."

Arthur turned from him to the chief engineer, who had just come out of the machine-house. "Well, how is it?" he asked quickly.

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "The machinery will not work," he said. "Still, we have not been able to find where the trouble lies. The injury has not come from the explosion; it is from a human hand. If we do not succeed in repairing it, all entrance into the mines is denied us, and all below are lost without hope of rescue, the overseer Hartmann among them."

At these last words he had raised his voice and fixed his eyes upon Ulrich, who, with a face white as that of a corpse, stood there dumb and motionless. But now he trembled and made a hasty movement forward. Arthur stepped into his way.

"Where would you go?"

"I must go down!" he said breathlessly, "I must help. Let me go, Herr Berkow. I must, I tell you!"

"You cannot help," interposed Arthur bitterly. "We can do nothing with our arms alone. You could destroy and make the danger unfold. The work of restoration must be left to the officers. They alone [illegible] know [illegible] to rescue our imperilled, and they must be neither [illegible] nor hindered in their task. [illegible] around here, Herr Director; Keep guard, Herr Wilberg, bring the three prisoners [illegible] and you, [illegible] immediately. They must know [illegible] they have laid their hands. [illegible] give an intimation to the engineers. Hasten!"

Wilberg obeyed, and the director also made preparations to carry out the commands of his chief. He met with no resistance. All knew what hung upon the efforts of the officers, and all obeyed willingly. They felt something of the truth of those words Herr Berkow had once flung back against the obstinate demands of their leader. "Try all this, if the hated element is wanting which gives direction to your arms, force to your machinery and intellect to your work!"

Here were hundreds of arms, hundreds of strong men ready to help; and the whole power, the whole possibility of rescue, lay in the hands of the few who must lend science to their work, so as to bring help, where the multitude and their leader could do nothing [illegible] the utmost but rush blindly into certain death. These officers, once so hated and despised—upon them all glances now hung, and wherever one of them came in sight, all crowded around him. They would now at any cost have protected them and their work, and they needed such protection.

Minute after minute passed in anxious, agonized suspense. Wilberg had long since returned with the three prisoners. They knew what had happened. They came in breathless haste, like all the others; like them, to stand there aimless and despairing. They were no longer needed, for the reason of the stoppage of the machinery was already found. The injury had proved slight and its immediate reparation was possible. The engineers, under the direction of their superior, did their utmost; while outside, they organized their plans for rescue and constantly, but still in vain, sought to force entrance into the mines on other sides. The danger had, as at one stroke, firmly reunited the loosened bands of discipline. All obeyed, and obeyed better and more quickly than even before the outbreak of the revolt.

But the chief himself accomplished more than all the rest. His eyes, his voice, were everywhere. Everywhere he knew how to work himself, how to inspire others. Arthur possessed little or nothing of the science and experience so needed here. The young heir had been reared in the fullest ignorance of what it most concerned him to know; but one faculty he possessed which cannot be instilled by culture or training—the genius of command. And this was the faculty most of all wanted here, where the chief engineer, the only energetic one among the officers, was kept inside occupied with the machinery; and the director, as well as the others, half-stunned at the sudden change of affairs, and at the catastrophe itself, in spite of their science, experience and capability, had all lost their presence of mind.

It was Arthur who gave it back to them—Arthur who with his quick glance posted every one in the right place and incited all to do their utmost; it was he who by his energy impelled and inspired all. The character of this young man, so long misunderstood by those around him and by himself most of all, had never shone forth so brilliantly as in this hour of peril.

At last was heard the heavy, groaning sound with which the machinery resumed its work; then followed the panting and creaking of its mighty frame, at first fitfully and interruptedly, then at regular intervals. The works rose and fell with their wonted obedience. The chief engineer stepped to Herr Berkow, but his face had become no more cheerful.

"The machinery is again in order," he said, "but I fear it is too late or too early for the descent. The vapor rises even here. The fire-damp must again be breaking out. We shall have to wait."

Arthur made an impatient gesture. "Wait! We have waited a whole hour already, and the lives of these unfortunate men hang upon every moment. Do you think it will be possible to go down?"

"It is perhaps possible; this seems to be vapor which rises here; but every one who goes down risks his life. I would not venture."

"But I will!" cried Ulrich with grim determination. At the moment when the machinery began to work he had rushed violently forward, and now stood close to the shaft. "I will go down," he repeated, "but one alone can do nothing there. I must have help. Who goes with me?"

No one answered; every one seemed to recoil from a descent into this smoking abyss. They had all seen how the courageous ones who at the first had sought to force an entrance had reeled back or fallen. Lorenz still lay senseless from a venture which his stronger comrade had made without injury. But no one possessed the courage to follow Ulrich in a descent where return or retreat was almost impossible.

"*No one!*" asked Ulrich after a pause. Very well, then, I go alone. Give the signal!"

He sprang into the seat, but suddenly a small white hand was laid upon its blackened edge, and a clear voice said firmly, "Wait, Hartmann, I go with you."

A cry of horror from the lips of the assembled officers gave answer to this decision; from all sides arose the most violent opposition.

"For God's sake, Herr Berkow, do not go! You are needlessly sacrificing your life! You cannot help!" These exclamations were heard from all sides, and in every tone of horror and anguish.

Arthur rose erect. The full self consciousness of the lord and master flashed from his eyes.

"I do not do this for aid, it is for the example," he said. "If I go, others will follow. Do all possible above here to rescue us, Herr Engineer. The director will maintain order. For the moment, I have nothing to offer my workmen but courage, and that I intend to show them."

"But not alone and not with Hartmann," exclaimed the chief engineer, almost forcing him back. "Beware, Herr Berkow! It is the same elevator and the same company which proved fatal to your father and below there something might menace you more dangerous than the explosive fire-damp."

(To be continued).

CLAMMISM.

Advantages of Being a Clam Clearly Set Forth.

The *Times* had recently an editorial exhorting people for several reasons not to be clams. We have investigated this subject and cannot agree with the views of our esteemed contemporary. On the contrary, we advise all people to be clams for the following pertinent reasons;

A clam is unobtrusive. He is of a retiring disposition and does not thrust himself upon society.

A clam is peaceful, but at the same time no coward. When attacked he bites.

A clam is contented with his lot in life. No clam ever tried to be an oyster.

A clam is trustworthy. No secret told to a clam has ever been divulged. A clam is very close.

A clam is beautiful and wears fine clothes. No clam would go through life with a rough and ragged shell like an oyster.

A clam attends strictly to business. His business is to be a clam, and he is.

A clam is self-possessed. He keeps cool under very trying circumstances.

Be a clam, and imitate that industrious bivalve when thrown upon a lee shore by going about business in a business way.

Be a clam, and be useful to the world by laboring for the sustenance of others as well as yourself.

Be a clam, and deport yourself so that though your exterior may be rough you can [illegible]

Be a clam, and coldly view all schemes of designing men.

Be a clam, and be honest, never aspiring to be what you cannot reach.

Be a clam, and attend strictly to your own business at all times.

Be a clam, and always have plenty of sand about you.

The clam grows—the fossil doesn't.

The clam knows when to shut up. He exhibits more discretion in this respect than the majority of the human race.

The claim hides in the sand, but you know just where to find him when you want him, which can't be said about a policeman. It doesn't take hard digging to find the clam, for however he may exclude himself from society he still keeps up connection with it through his breathing funnel.

He's a shell-fish, but that does not necessarily make him selfish. He never neglects his own business to bother about other people's business, a kind of selfishness that we are sorry is not more popular.

He protects himself against intruders. If a crab pops a pebble between his shell the clam doesn't bother himself about ejecting it. He subjects it to some chemical process and changes it to pearl, thus contributing to the wealth of the world.—*Philadelphia Call.*

An African New Year's Card.

The oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting cards. Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps. When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his penknife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's Day, these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of that day apart from those of other days, appropriate a branch of the cactus to that purpose. One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly 15 feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases. There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and so stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.

Spiders were formerly considered to be a cure in rural districts for ague. Some years ago a lady in Ireland was famous for her success in curing people thus affected. It appears that the only medicine she employed was a large spider rolled up in treacle. The patients were ignorant of the contents of this novel bolus, so that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. In England, also, the spider has been called in as an ague doctor. In Lincolnshire the creature was treated very much after the above-mentioned Irish fashion, being rolled up in paste and swallowed; but elsewhere the animal is put into a bag and worn round the neck

It is the prevailing opinion that the amount of trade will fall short of that of last year because people seem afraid to buy in large quantities at great expense.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Now, I wonder what that means?" said Philo Lusk. He has just come back from his snowy tramp to the post-office, with the weekly paper and one letter.

Old Mrs. Lusk had brought in the lighted candles and piled an extra log on the fire, so that the low-ceiled kitchen was all aglow with ruddy light, while the smell of stewing apples and the song of the tea-kettle which hung from the iron crane lent a practical idea of comfort to the scene.

"Taxes, ain't it?" said Mrs. Lusk, whose eyesight was not so good as it had been.

"No, it ain't," said Philo. "It ain't a letter at all. It's just a card: 'Miss Valeria Whitman. At home January 1st, 1885.'"

"La!" said Mrs. Lusk. "She wants you to call there."

"Get out!" said Philo, with a sudden access of sheepishness. "Why should I go there?"

"Well, why not?" asked Mrs. Lusk. "It's what the city people do, I'm told. They make a big cake and draw a pitcher of cider, and set down in their best clothes to see company. Valley Whitman is dreadfully enterprising. She means to lead in the fashions."

"Am I to call there?" asked Philo.

"Why, of course," said his mother. "What else should it mean?—' Miss Valeria Whitman. At home.'"

"She's at home most days, ain't she?" said Philo, musingly. "There never was anything of the gadabout in Valley Whitman that I ever heard of."

"Oh, but this 'ere's a new kink," explained Mrs. Lusk. "New Year's day, don't you see?"

"I'd calculated to take the oxen on to Snidge hill and grub stumps out of the clearing on New Year's day," said Philo.

"The next day will do just as well for the stumps. One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," said Mrs. Lusk.

Deacon Folgrove got one of Miss Whitman's cards—also Squire Hart. In fact, there was not a widower, or old bachelor, or eligible swain in Cedarville who was omitted from the list.

"I ain't as young as I was," said Miss Whitman to herself. "It's high time I took steps to establish myself."

So she put fresh muslin curtains to the windows, made herself a new gown according to the latest fashion-plate, and prepared for the festive initial day of the year.

Miss Valeria Whitman had passed her 45th birthday. She was stout and ruddy, with the very best set of teeth that the Cedarville dentist could supply; and she was very tired of living alone and sewing on vests to earn her pin-money. She had determined on this particular occasion to make a *coup d'etat* and win a husband.

So she attired herself on New Year's Day in a green satin dress cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, and pinned a bunch of chrysanthemums at the left side, and puffed her hair in the most elaborate fashion.

"I do declare," said Miss Val to herself, "I don't look a day over 30!"

Deacon Folgrove was the first to arrive—hard-handed, hard-headed old man, with a complexion of leather and the keenest of black eyes.

"I got a letter from you, Miss Whitman," said he. "I suppose you want to consult me on business."

"La, deacon, what a very strange idea!" said Miss Whitman, with a giggle. "No, indeed; I only wish to promote sociability at this festive season."

"Well, then, I guess I'd better be going," said the deacon, crisply. "I hain't got no time for no sich foolery."

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon," said Miss Whitman. "I do wish to consult you."

"About what?" said the deacon, looking dubiously at the chilled shoulders and purple arms of the lady.

"Marriage!" said Miss Whitman. "Would you advise me, dear deacon, to commit my future into the hands of another?"

"Eh?" said the deacon. "Ha! an—"

"Yes," said Miss Whitman, driven by his directness into an absolute lie.

"Then, if I was you," said the deacon, "I'd accept it; 'cause it ain't likely you'll have many of 'em."

Miss Whitman colored under the rice powder.

"But, deacon," she stammered, "what if I don't love the man? What if I love another who——"

"Then don't accept him," said the deacon. "But," suddenly becoming aware of his danger, as Miss Valeria moves her chair a little closer to his, "my horse is gettin' dreadful uneasy; I guess I'll be goin'. No, thank you," as Miss Whitman took up a plate of cake. "I don't never eat nothin' except at my reg'lar meals. Good mornin'!"

And thus the deacon escaped.

"Eh! what's that noise? If it's the cat jumping at my canary again—but it sounded like some one laughing, and cats don't laugh. Who's that? Philo Lusk, I declare! Well, he's a likely young fellow—not so rich as Squire Hart, maybe, but—oh, come in, Mr. Lusk, come in! I am so glad to see you! Lovely day, isn't it?"

Philo Lusk sat down with his hat in his lap.

"I received your card, Miss Valeria," said he, "and I am here in response to it."

"So kind of you!" said Miss Whitman, with a smile, which not even the fabled "cats of Cheshire" could excel, although they are reported to be good at smiling.

"To tell the truth," said honest Philo, "I wanted a little talk with you."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Won't you come here and sit beside me on the sofa? It's more sociable like."

"Oh, yes, if you like," said Philo, obeying her gesture of invitation. "You see, my mother is getting feebler every day, and we feel the need of a young person at the farm. I am 28 now, and the place is in prime order, and I've money at interest, so I've pretty much made up my mind to marry."

Miss Valeria let the puffed and frizzled head fall on his shoulder.

"Dearest Philo!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—exactly," said Philo, moving as far away as the arm of the sofa would allow. "So, if you thought your niece Bella would have me——"

"My niece Bella!" gasped the lady, the immovable bloom never altering on her face, although her heart beat wildly and her lips blanched.

"Yes," said Philo; "I hoped to have seen her here to-day."

"No!" said Miss Valeria, sharply. "She has gone away; if she hadn't she wouldn't accept you."

"Is—is she engaged to some one else?" stammered poor Philo.

"Yes," said Mrs. Whitman, "to Peter Gregson. But, Philo, do not grieve; I am ready to entertain your suit, though Bella despises you——"

"But she doesn't, aunty!" said a clear, distinct voice, and Bella herself entered the room. "On the contrary, she loves Philo Lusk dearly; and she refused Peter Gregson, as you know very well. Oh, Philo," with a reproachful glance at her lover, "would you have believed her falsehoods?"

"How came you here?" screamed Miss Whitman.

"I went to Mrs. Willet's house," said Bella, "and she had gone to spend the holidays with her niece at Medbury. So I came home."

"You are a dreadful minx!" cried Miss Valeria, nearly suffocated with indignation.

"Gently," said Philo Lusk, interposing in Bella's defense. "No calling names, please."

"And you shan't stay in my house another day," added the indignant lady.

"Then she shall come to mine!" boldly asserted Philo Lusk. "Come, Bella, my sleigh is at the door, and it holds exactly two. We'll go to Parson Meadow's and get married this very hour."

And they did so; and Mrs. Lusk, senior, who was waiting at the farmhouse to receive her son, was delighted beyond measure.

"If it hadn't been me," said Bella, laughing mischievously, "it would have been Aunt Val., for she was determined to marry Philo."

"The Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Lusk, piously.

"And after this," said Philo, as he led his bride in, "the first day of the year will be a double anniversary—the happiest of happy new years to us—eh, Bella?"

CURRENT TOPICS.

Doctors say that women should be cautious how they call to offer sympathy to neighbors having sick children. Women's clothing offers inducements to fugitive bacteria, and several instances have been recorded lately in which contagious diseases are known to have been brought about by germs carried into the household in the folds of heavy woollen fabrics.

Private John Burke, who has just been discharged from the Suffolk Regiment, is supposed to have been the oldest soldier in the British army, having enlisted in 1847. He had six good conduct stripes, and was refused the seventh on the ground that six was the maximum number allowed. He had served in the Crimean and Indian mutiny campaigns, and also in China and Afghanistan.

Barnum is much bent over by his years and activity, but otherwise does not show his age, and would pass in a crowd for an easy-going gentleman of independent means, excepting that his features as the greatest showman on earth [illegible] known. He delights—if he [illegible] to spare—in reminiscences, [illegible] being remarkably good.

Experiments on an extensive [illegible] been made in Germany to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft-steel girders proved to be 22 per cent. and hard-steel girders 66 per cent. stronger than the iron girders, and it is remarked that it seemed pretty well established that the strength of steel girders is about the same for the two flanges if made alike in section.

Advertisers who understand their business advertise more heavily in the season of dull trade than in the season of lively trade. It is the slow horse that needs the lash, not the fast one. The steady goers are the successful advertisers. They build up great businesses by keeping themselves before the public summer and winter, and whether it rains or shines, or is a feast day or a fast day.

The belief that agricultural dulness in England has been greatly exaggerated for party purposes finds [illegible] that an official return from the Bankruptcy Court shows that in the past fourteen years, out of a total of 1,175 bankrupts in East Kent, only 59 were farmers and dairymen, while under the Act of 1883 only four farmers in East Kent have filed petitions in the Bankruptcy Court.

According to a lately issued department report of the British army in 1883, the number of applicants for military service was 59,486. Of these, 35 670 were laborers; 8,636 were manufacturing artisans, and 9 388 were mechanics. The clerks numbered 3 203, and the professional men or students 645. An improvement over former years in the education of the men was especially noted. Of the 57,844 reported upon, 4,553 are described as well educated, 41,608 could read and write, 4,507 could read only, and 7 179 were unable to read. Among the 81,677 men serving in the United Kingdom, only six cases of small-pox occurred, with one death, during the year.

[illegible] a recent exhumation in a Western cemetery the body of a woman was found turned to stone, the Louisville *Medical News* says "Petrifaction of the body of a warm-blooded animal never has been known, and it is quite safe to say never has taken place. The condition of the body which leads to such a misconception is not that of petrifaction, but of saponification." It is explained that nitrogenous tissues give off ammonia, and this, attacking the fats in the body, produces adipocere, a hard form of soap. The writer, when at the New Orleans fair, saw a barrel of pork labelled, "Found floating in the Mississippi in an advanced state of petrifaction." Being skeptical as to the capacity of rocks to float, he chipped off a piece and found that the hog, like the human being under like circumstances, had merely turned to adipocere.

The Germans, having first raised their flag over a great deal of unapp[illegible] territory, set about ascertaining [illegible] their new possessions were worth holding. A party of naval officers have visited Angra Pequena and report that its alleged copper mines are worthless, and that it cannot be put to any earthly use. The only result of the German protectorate there bids fair to be the very large blue book which Granville and Bismarck wrote on the question whether Germany wasn't rather too previous about claiming this desert part of Africa. A part of the German possessions in East Africa are valuable, but it is found that in the greater portion vegetables will not grow, white men cannot live, and commercial resources are insignificant. Rather favorable reports come from King Wilhelm's Land in New Guinea, a part of which is adapted to colonization. In the recent scramble for new lands England, as usual, has led the way with her seizure of Bechuanaland in south inner Africa, a district as large as Spain. France has been the most unfortunate, having virtually been compelled to quit Madagascar, while in Tonquin she is in very hot water. Germany has been most alert, and is still scanning the horizon for new worlds to conquer. Italy, Spain and Portugal have picked up a few crumbs that the other great powers didn't want; and still the supply of unprotected lands is not exhausted.

Lord Tollemache, who has just completed his 80th year, is said to be the model landlord. He possesses about 46,000 acres of land in Cheshire, and during the whole of the agricultural depression, from 1877 to 1885, he had neither a vacant farm nor a tenant in arrears. His estate in Cheshire has, during his lifetime, been cut up into farms averaging about 200 acres in extent, His Lordship considering that a thrifty farmer with sons and daughters could do excellently on a 200 acre farm, while he would suffer severely on a smaller holding. In order to break up his estate into farms of that size, he built, or rebuilt, between fifty and sixty farm houses at a cost of £148,000, each of these homesteads costing about £2,800. In addition to this, Lord Tollemache has built 260 cottages for the accommodation of the laborers. In regard to the education of children on his estate, an anecdote is told of His Lordship's practical common sense. Lord Tollemache was anxious to provide mixed schools for the education of the farmers' and laborers' children; but after the buildings had been [illegible] at considerable expense he found [illegible] tenant farmers objected to send their sons to the same schools with the laborers' children. Having listened quietly to the master's complaint, the noble lord said: "There is only one way out of the difficulty. I will send my own sons to the school." For nearly two years Lord Tollemache's children attended the school, and, their father adds, "to their undoubted advantage."

FEARFUL PUNISHMENT.

A Negro Outrager Burned Alive at the Stake.

A New Orleans despatch says: On the morning of December 17th Miss Carrie Boyer, a charming young lady of Gainestown, Ala., went down the river to take the boat for Mobile, to spend the holidays with her relatives. On arriving at the steamboat landing she discovered that she had forgotten something, and started to return home, which was about a mile distant. While on her way she was brutally assaulted by a powerful and repulsive-looking negro, who found himself thwarted by the bravery of the young lady, who stoutly resisted the attack. The scoundrel, unable to effect his purpose, pulled out his pistol and shot his victim through the head and then ran off. She lived only two hours after the shot. The intelligence of the outrage and murder spread rapidly. In a short time nearly all the men in Clarke county were out searching for the ruffian who had committed the deed. The excitement was intense, and from the threats of the pursuers it was certain that if the negro was caught he would be summarily and terribly dealt with. The young lady did not recognize her assailant and could give no particulars likely to lead to his identification. This rendered his capture extremely difficult. Clue after clue was followed, but each ended in failure. The search, however, was not relaxed, but proved unavailing for several days. On Sunday a negro named Dick Reed was arrested on suspicion by a white man and two negroes. At the time of his arrest, Reed, who was many miles away from the scene of the crime, carried with him a gun, from which the lock was missing. This led to his arrest, as near the dead body of Miss Boyer a gun lock had been picked up. The captors carried Reed back to Gainestown, where the lock was fitted to the gun and was found to match it perfectly. Confronted with this evidence of his guilt, and charged with the crime, the scoundrel admitted that he had attempted to outrage Miss Boyer and then murdered her. The news of his capture had spread, and at this time over 200 men had assembled in the hamlet. Reed's confession sealed his fate. It was decided that he should die at once. The majority insisted that he should be burnt at the stake. The decision was carried into effect without delay. The wretch was firmly bound to a post near by. Eager hands brought wood and shavings well saturated with kerosene. A blazing fire was soon kindled around the trembling negro, whose screams for mercy produced no effect upon the stern men surrounding him. After he had roasted a while the fire was scattered and he was allowed to feel the full agony of burning. Then a new fire was built, and this in turn, after burning some time, was taken away. This process was repeated three times. Reed made no outcry, but his contortions showed that he suffered terribly. His [illegible] executioners were determined [illegible] time, and the fuel was [illegible] and the forked flames played around Reed's body until it was entirely consumed, nothing remaining but a few charred fragments, which will, it is hoped, serve as a terrible warning to others. This is the second case of the kind at the same place within the last ten years. The other victim was a negro preacher who murdered an old lady and a boy and then outraged a young girl. He was arrested in a church preaching to his congregation, and his congregation helped to roast him.

DESERTING A HAUNTED VESSEL.

Sailors Claim the Captain's Ghost Hangs About a Certain Boston Schooner.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: The three-masted schooner William H. Jordan lies at the Iron Works Docks, at Somerset, deserted by all except her colored cook. She is reputed among the villagers to be haunted and her owners find it almost impossible to ship a crew. She arrived here three weeks ago with a cargo of coal. A week ago Saturday Capt. Thescher was killed while overseeing the unloading of an anchor from a train at the railroad dock.

That night the mate and cabin boy went to bed about 9 o'clock. The mate says he woke and heard the captain's voice giving the order, "Take hold of that anchor." "At last," says the mate, "I dozed again, and just as I was about to lose myself I heard something going on up forward on deck. I thought it might be the cook rolling barrels about and paid no attention to it until I heard a fearful thump on deck. Then I sprang up and rushed on deck and looked around. I could not see a soul on board, and after waiting awhile I went below and laid awake until daylight. When I went on deck I found that the bower anchor had been dropped from the bows aft nearly to the waist, where the shore plank is. It takes a good many men to handle that piece of iron, and how it got [illegible] don't know."

[illegible] same day the mate and cabin boy left the vessel and left for parts unknown. The ghost story has been so widely circulated that the owners are unable to engage a new crew.

ROMANTIC SUICIDE.

An Operatic Singer's Head Turned by Her Triumphs—She Quarrels with Her Lover and Suicides.

A Buda-Pesth cable says: A tragedy in real life has cast a gloom over the theatrical circles of this city. A few days ago Fraulein Aranka Szikhai, a young and romantic girl, came to Buda-Pesth with a sister to study for the operatic stage. She was gifted with a charming voice and a beautiful face, and soon obtained an engagement. A few nights ago she made a brilliant *debut* at the Klausenburg Theatre in "Lalla Rookh." During the evening she was overwhelmed with compliments and bouquets. Her triumph seems to have turned her head, for, after the performance, she forced a quarrel upon a well-known engineer to whom she was engaged, because he had declared himself unable to neglect his business to accompany her on a visit to her sister. The misunderstanding, however, was smoothed over and the betrothed couple had kissed and made friends, when, as the engineer was on his way to the station with a friend, Fraulein Aranka rushed after him crying, "Come back! Come back! If you won't go to my sister's with me I'll kill myself!" And then she ran back to the house. Knowing she had three times already attempted suicide, her lover at once hastened after her. He burst open the door of her bedroom and found Fraulein Aranka already stretched on the sofa in convulsions. Noticing a strong smell of cyanic acid he dispatched his friend to the doctor's and administered antidotes. In a few minutes the unhappy girl rallied sufficiently to explain that she had poisoned herself with the contents of a bottle of the acid stolen from the laboratory of a chemist; but relief had come too late, and after several hours of dreadful agony she died in her lover's arms. The whole city is mourning the loss of this promising queen of opera.

Since the Stead-Armstrong business it has been a common practice for girls and women in England to accuse doctors attending them of impropriety. In most instances the jury have promptly acquitted, but a Dr. Bradly was sent to prison. On Dec. 11th this gentleman was entertained at dinner and presented with an address and 400 guineas by the members of the profession, as a mark of their esteem and belief in his innocence. Sir William Jenner, physician to the Queen, was one of the first promoters of the fund, and the address was signed by him and the leading medical men throughout the country.

FROM THE FRIGID ZONE.

Interesting Arctic Relics Brought Home by the Captain of a Scotch Whaler.

A London cable says: A series of Arctic relics of strange interest has been brought home by Captain Fairweather, of the whaler Terra Nova, of Dundee, and transmitted to the Admiralty through Mr. Leigh Smith. These relics consist of various documents in a cylindrical tin case, which had been deposited by several of the Franklin search expeditions thirty years ago, and a statement left by Sir Allen Young when at Beechey Island in 1875. Captain Fairweather says that he picked up the documents in Prince Regent's Inlet, under the following circumstances: While lying at the floe edge in that inlet, about the end of June last, he was surprised to see several sledges with natives coming off to the ship. He had never seen natives in that quarter before, and therefore thought that they had come from Admiralty Inlet for the express purpose of robbing the depots left by former Arctic expeditions on Beechey Island and thereabouts. The captain was also, with good reason, surprised at the manner in which the natives were dressed. Their trousers were cut from "Dreadnought" cloth, serge and woollen shirts and big pilot overcoats supplied the place of the usual Eskimo trappings, their outfits being completed with English caps of various descriptions. It did not require much acuteness on the part of the captain to surmise where the store was located from which the lucky natives had been so liberally supplying themselves. Their sledges, also from the depot, were loaded with tobacco and various other little luxuries, down even to onion powder, the purpose of which, however, rather puzzled them. On overhauling the sledges, the captain was fortunate enough to find the tin cylinder referred to, and just in time, as the natives were about to use up the contents as wads for their guns. The Eskimo admitted they found the treasure trove on Beechy Island, no doubt in the "Northumberland House" depot, familiar to all readers of Arctic travel. They had also broached the rum casks and the preserved meat tins, many of the latter, however, being bad. Tobacco was the article they seemed best supplied with, and the crews of the ships lying in the inlet bartered not less than eighty pounds from them. Captain Fairweather is of opinion that the natives have cleared out Beechey Island depot of everything that would be of service to man in those regions.

FIGHT FOR A COFFIN.

Disgraceful Scene at a Wake Between Women and Italians.

A last (Thursday) night's Newark (N.J.) despatch says: Bartley Rice was shot by Policeman Baumer a day or two ago while resisting arrest. Rice had been accused of stealing two kegs of beer from the saloon of an Italian named Polito. Rice's body was taken to an apartment over the saloon, where a wake was in progress last night when a party of Italians entered and demanded that the coffin should be taken out of the house. A colored woman tried to bar the way, but she was thrown into a corner, and the Italians seized the coffin, from which the lid had been removed. As they started for the door two men and five women grappled with them, and a fierce struggle ensued for the coffin, which was carried backward and forward in the *melee*. The women were getting the best of the intruders when Polito said something in Italian and a rush was made towards the window. The women were taken by surprise, and before they could make any resistance the head of the coffin was driven through the sash and protruded into the street. A shower of glass fell on the heads of the spectators below. Fully two hundred persons, mostly Italians, and of both sexes, were massed in front of the house, and a wild cheer went up from their throats as the coffin appeared. It was only a moment in sight before the plucky [illegible] in the room were reinforced by several young friends of Rice, who drove out the Italians and guarded the corpse until the police arrived. The wake then continued.

REMARKABLE RESUSCITATION.

A Wisconsin Man, Pronounced Dead, Still Lives to Tell About It.

A Galena, Ill., despatch says: John F. Munger, a well-known citizen of Platteville, Wis., has suffered greatly from rheumatism in the feet. Two days ago, with the hope of relieving the pain, he bathed his feet freely with tincture of aconite and then thrust them into a pail of hot water. A tingling sensation followed, the pulse weakened, the skin became moist and clammy, and violent vomiting and retching ensued. A doctor was called, but he found Mr. Munger apparently dead. The heart seemed to have stopped beating, and the doctor, with other medical men who were summoned, decided that Munger had died from aconite poisoning, having absorbed the drug through his feet. An undertaker set about preparing the body for burial, when the doctor, as an experiment, injected with a hypodermic syringe a mixture of brandy and digitalis near the heart. In a few minutes the supposed dead man began to gasp and there was a faint beating of the heart. More hypodermics were given, the death pallor was succeeded by a reddish glow, the muscles relaxed, perspiration broke out, and Mr. Munger slowly returned to life. He is now entirely out of danger. The doctors consider his resuscitation most remarkable.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

How a Smuggler in Human Flesh Got Rid of His Cargo.

A Seattle, W. T., despatch says: The details of a horrible story which gained circulation here to-day are to the following effect: One day last summer an Italian boatman, accompanied by seven Chinamen, left Victoria for the American side of the Straits of Fuca. When almost across the straits the Italian observed the United States cutter Oliver Wolcott coming towards him, the evident intention of the officers of the vessel being to examine the contents of this craft. He became alarmed, and to avoid the penalties attaching to the offence of smuggling Chinese into the United States, resolved to make away with the evidence of his guilt. He called the Chinamen out of the cabin one by one, and as each man came out the Italian struck him on the head with a club, and pitched the body overboard. In this way he got rid of the whole number, and when the officers from the cutter boarded his boat no evidence whatever of a criminating nature was found. The story is told by a recently convicted smuggler now in the penitentiary. An investigation will be made.

A Florida man is trying to introduce the mistletoe into America. We don't think kissing needs any further encouragement in this country.

A farewell bachelor dinner not long ago came very near causing the postponement of what we call a "high life" wedding. The host imbibed not wisely but too well, and it took a doctor and his best man all the next morning to get him in condition to appear at the church at noon to be married. Prohibition forever! is now the cry of his wife's mother.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Dr. John Kirk, British agent in Zanzibar, is doing his utmost to make arrangements with the King of Mombasa for the release of Bishop Hannington.

The late Bishop of Manchester owed his extraordinary mastery over his voice to having lived for years with a deaf mother and aunt.

THE ADDIE DAVIS TRAGEDY.

Sad Story of a Girl's Downfall and Death.

TROUBLES THAT LED TO SUICIDE.

A Heart-broken Father Weeps Over the Remains of His Dead Daughter.

The inquest into the cause of the death of the young woman, Adelaide Davis, who committed suicide on Thursday in Toronto by taking carbolic acid, was held yesterday morning at the Morgue before Coroner Duncan.

John Davis, the father of the deceased, was the first witness called. He is a gray-headed old man, and felt so deeply the disgrace his daughter had brought upon her name that his emotion at times prevented him from continuing his evidence. He testified that he lived in Sarnia. He had seen the body and recognized it as that of his daughter Adelaide. A number of letters which were found in the room where the girl suicided were identified by him as being in her handwriting.

John Sutherland, commercial traveller, was next called. After being warned that his evidence might be used against him, he testified that last Monday morning about 10.30 he was coming out of his rooms when he met Miss Davis and another girl. They looked very hard at him, and he looked at them. They both walked along towards the Albion Hotel. He beckoned for them and asked them where they were going. The deceased said she was trying to find a boarding house. He said, "Why not stay with me?" They laughed and turned away. He said he would be pleased to meet them that evening. They went on a little way, when the deceased turned back and told him she would meet him at half-past 7. He met her on King street at that hour, and they went up together to his rooms. She said she had some trouble with friends, and was ashamed to go home. She wanted to stay till Saturday, when she would return to her friends. She stayed there three days—until noon Thursday, when she left, saying she was going to her brother's house. She asked for the key of the room so that she could get in when she came back. He told her he might want to get in himself, and he finally agreed to leave the key outside under his trunk. He left a few minutes after and returned between 5 and 6. When he went into the room she screamed out, throwing her arms in the air and saying that she had poisoned herself. He took her downstairs to Dr. Reeves' office and asked him if he had a stomach pump. He said he had not, and told them to get some other doctor. Witness said, "You cannot see the woman die." Dr. Reeves said, "Take her out of here." He took her out and sat her upon the steps. At that time she could speak. She had no hat or cloak on, and said that her brother had taken them from her. Witness went to get another doctor, leaving the girl sitting upon the steps, just outside Dr. Reeves' office. He went to Dr. Oldright, but he was out. Dr. James Ross, on Sherbourne street, was found to be engaged. He went to Dr. Ball, on Queen street, who happened to be out. Dr. Chaffee, on being informed of the circumstances, came immediately. Dr. Chaffee said he would need an assistant, and witness told him that Dr. Reeves was near, as he was in the room at the time. Witness was sent for some rubber piping and brandy, and when he returned there seemed to be no one attending to her. She was still sitting upon the steps. With the assistance of Dr. Reeves and Mr. Swinburne he carried her upstairs to his room. She never spoke after that.

In answer to a question by a juryman, witness stated that Dr. Reeves refused to do anything. He never saw the deceased before Monday last.

AFFECTING LETTERS.

The coroner then read the following letters and post-card, which were found in the room with the deceased:

THURSDAY.

DEAR FATHER,—I have just heard that you are looking for me. I cannot tell the truth. I was accused of wrong long before I was guilty, but now I am guilty. I blame D. K. Hawley (a boot and shoe traveller). His home is on University street. He will be held responsible for my poor soul, and what will my friends think when this has been divulged? I cannot live. Hell itself will not be half so bad as I am enduring at present. I have been a source of trouble to you, but now it is all at an end. You must excuse this scribble, for I am just about dead. My poor sisters! I am glad that I am the one who has been led astray instead of any of them, for they will see by my ways that sin has ruined me, body and soul. I cannot live, for I know you are in search of me, and I don't want to see any one.

ADDIE.

P. S.—I did not yield to D. K. Hawley's wishes, but he took advantage of me and forced me to nearly two years ago. My trunk and clothes are at 87 Carlton street, and I am here breathing my last. Don't blame the one whose room I am in, for he has been a friend.—Good-bye.

ADDIE.

DEAR FRIEND J——, After I left you this morning I went to my brother's—as I told you I was going to do—and he asked me a question at once. He then took away my cloak from me and went away. I would not wait till he returned, but came away in my bare head. I found that you were not here, so I take this way of telling you that my father is here looking for me. I cannot see him. I cannot live; and I am sorry that my life will be ended in your room. I cannot help it. I came in and fastened both locks, and when I wrote the note to my father I then went to the door to unlock it, but I could not. I confessed all to you last night. I told you about D. K. Hawley seducing me, and he's the man who will be responsible for my poor soul. I also told about Ed. Lancaster betraying. He will be sorry for it, for I would not end my life only for him. All I told you personally I want you to tell again, for you are not to blame for one of my actions. I cannot say sufficient with regard to Hawley. I have told you the truth, and I want you to tell it the same as you heard it and let the guilty parties be punished. When I am found here you may put my bracelets in my pocket and let everything be sent home. I can scarcely write, so will now close. Good-bye for ever, Dear Jack.

I am dying quickly.

DEAR J.—I confessed all to you last night, and now I am about to end my unhappy life. You have been a friend to me, and I don't want you blamed.

ADDIE.

P S.—I want you to tell everything as I told it to you last night, and then the truth will be known.

On another sheet of foolscap the girl had begun her last note. By this time the poison had evidently nearly finished its work, for the note ended abruptly. The words written were these:

DEAR J.—I have managed to unlock the door, and I know your eyes will come in contact with a terrible sight, but I cannot get down stairs. I cannot see——

This was evidently written in the last throes of death.

The theory advanced as to why the girl selected carbolic acid as the poison is this: Sutherland had been using carbolic acid on a sore arm. Deceased saw the bottle on the table and read on the label that it was poison, and went to Dilworth's drug store and purchased a two-ounce bottle, swallowing two-thirds of it.

The Calendar Craze.

This is the season for hydrophobia, smallpox and calendars. All of these afflictions make their appearance together, but the people will take them—we mean the calendars. One large firm announces ninety different varieties of English, French and American calendars. All the poets, essayists and alleged wits have been drawn upon. Some of these calendars are certainly pretty and useful.

SEVERAL medical writers have lately called attention to the fact that although there is a marked diminution of drunkenness in England, the use of powerful narcotic and stimulating drugs has largely increased. Even nitro-glycerine—a comparatively new medicine—has found its devotees. The *Lancet* says: "Since the introduction of nitro-glycerine tablets into the British pharmacopœia the use of the drug has increased to an enormous extent, and it is to be feared that its manufacture is carried on surreptitiously."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Topics for Discussion Around the Ingle-nook.

THE DUTIES OF THE NEXT MONTH.

"Keep the Pot Boiling."

If farmers generally would follow the city fashion of beginning their dinners, as a customary thing, with some kind of soup, they would soon find it healthful as well as economical. Much meat in bits and ends is wasted in farm houses that might be made into good, rich soup. It is the French fashion, and certainly a wise one, to have a pot perpetually on the back of the stove or range, into which all scraps of meat and vegetables are thrown, and sufficient water added from time to time. This is kept, not boiling hard, but simmering, and the family manage to have a supply of bouillon (or broth) for their daily use. If farmers would save their pieces of veal and beef and potatoes, and make use of them in the same way they would certainly on a cold, wintry day bless the housewife who kept "the pot boiling."

Window Plants for January.

The window garden and greenhouse should now be gay with bloom, and repay the earlier care. Bring potted bulbs from the cellar, to give a succession of bloom. Those out of flower should have the stalks cut away, and the leaves allowed to grow until they turn yellow, when the pots may go to the cellar. Insects, dust and dryness of the air are the chief enemies of the window garden. The red spider is so small that it is rarely seen. The leaves turn brown and soon fall. Examine the lower surface of the leaves with a magnifier; if a red or brown mite is seen, it is the red spider. Syringe the under side of the foliage frequently and copiously, laying the plant on its side in a rain-water bath tub; this is the only remedy. For greenfly, or plant lice generally, syringe with tobacco water. Mealy bug and scale insects are best removed by hand-picking. If earth worms infest the soil of pots, saturate the ball with clear lime water. It will not hurt the plants if soon washed with rain water. If a very cold snap comes on, remove the tender plants to the middle of the room at night, and cover them with some light fabric or with newspapers.

Look to Your Live Stock in January.

January is a critical month with all kinds of live stock. They should be kept comfortable and gaining. If they begin to fall off in condition, they will be almost sure to lose rapidly, and will require more food and better care to keep them up, than if well housed, and continuously well fed. Be systematic and regular, so they will not stand and worry for food or water, and will take time to feed, to ruminate and to rest. Look after sheds and stables, to keep them clean and warm. Water ought not to freeze in cow or horse stables on the coldest nights, and at the same time the ventilation should be such that the air is always sweet. Pigs suffer greatly with the cold, and should have dry, well littered nests always. Litter them with straw or swamp hay, enough so that they can cover themselves out of sight in it. Sheep should have dry sheds; they bear a great deal of cold, but should not have wet nor dirty straw to lie in. Where much straw is to be thrown into their sheds, provide a few movable platforms, like old barn doors, for them to stand upon. They will be a great comfort to them, and they are easily turned over when fresh straw is thrown in, or they get dirty. Fowls will lay if they have warm houses, are well fed, and have a chance to exercise. The free range of the cattle sheds, sheep sheds and the barn-yards gives usually sufficient exercise. If debarred from these, they must have sheltered runs and bare ground. Ducks need to be well fed, but not allowed to get too fat if they are to [illegible] early. Too much corn is always bad except for fattening poultry, as it produces internal fat, stops laying, and makes the fowls lazy. No exercise, no eggs.

Farm Hints for January.

Of course, before you take your vacation, the farm harness will be oiled and repaired, the waggons and sleighs and buggies and carriages carefully examined and the nuts tightened. There will be a place for everything and everything will be in its place—forks, rakes, hoes, shovels, axes, chains, clevises, whiffle-trees, plough, cultivators, horserake, mower, binder, roller, harrows, farm drill, garden drill, garden line, corn marker—I am afraid my corn marker is sticking on the fence, but I have no expectation of taking a vacation, unless we may conclude that that is the proper place for it. Of course, you will get the harrow teeth sharpened and the wood-work saturated with crude petroleum. The manure will be all drawn out and piled in the field. You will get everything ready for the lambs and the pens will be made comfortable for the early spring pigs. You will have a plenty of troughs and racks. Hoops will be tightened on barrels. New leathers will be put on pumps. Pruning will be done. Dead trees will be cut down and worked up. Dead branches of shade trees will be removed, and wherever shade trees, or trees on the lawn are too thick, they will be thinned out. Fences, gates and bars, will be in perfect order. All the pig pens, cow stables, hen houses, cellar and sheep sheds, will have two coats of white wash, and some of them three. The potatoes in the cellar will be sorted over, the decayed ones removed, and those intended for seed, for market or for home use put by themselves. There will be no broken panes of glass; no windows loose in their frames; the doors, the locks and the bolts will all work smoothly. The garret will be overhauled. Perhaps you will say this is woman's work. At any rate, you will see that they have a good bench for the wash tubs.

Cattle Feeding.

The following summing up notes on cattle feeding, by Prof. George E. Morrow, of the University of Illinois, at Champaign, Ill., are well worth study.

Bearing in mind that it is not wise to draw final conclusions from single trials, the facts concerning these cattle suggest or illustrate among other things that;

1. The differences in animals of like breeding and under like treatment are often greater than those between typical animals of different breeds.

2. Under the prevalent methods of wintering steers in the Western States little or no gain is made in weight during winter.

3. It is difficult, if not impossible, to secure under good conditions gains in winter which shall nearly equal those made in summer.

4. The largest gains may be expected from animals in thin flesh, if in good health. It is difficult to secure rapid gain in weight during long continued feeding.

5. Under like conditions young animals make largest gain in proportion to food eaten.

6. A fair profit can be made, even at present low prices, by grazing and then grain-feeding for two or three months cattle which have been judiciously bought or economically reared to be sold when from 30 to 36 months old.

7. Economy of production is quite as important as maximum product, especially in times of low prices. It is not clear that it is profitable to give full grain feeding to steers designed for the grazing markets during the best of the grazing season. It is not proved that it is the most profitable for Western farmers to fatten and sell their steers as yearlings.

Advantages of Underdraining.

It prevents drought.

It furnishes an increased supply of atmospheric fertilizers.

It warms the lower portions of the soil.

It accelerates the disintegration of the mineral matters in the soil.

It causes a more even distribution of nutritious matters among those parts of the soil traversed by roots.

It proves the mechanical texture of soil.

It causes the poisonous excrementitious matters of plants to be carried out of reach of their roots.

It prevents the grasses from running out.

It enables the surface soil to be deepened by removing excess of water.

It renders soil earlier in the spring.

It prevents the throwing out of grain in winter.

It allows work to be done sooner after rains.

It keeps off the effects of cold weather longer in the fall.

It prevents the formation of acetic and other acids, which induce the growth of sorrel and other weeds.

It prevents, in a great measure, the evaporation of water, and the consequent abstraction of heat from the soil.

It admits fresh quantities of water from rains, etc., which are always more or less imbued with the fertilizing gases of the atmosphere, to be deposited among the absorbent parts of soil and given up to the necessities of plants.

It prevents the formation of so hard a crust on the surface of the soil as is customary on heavy lands.

It prevents in a great measure grass and winter grains from being winter-killed.—*Canadian Breeder.*

A BIG BLOW UP.

A Steam Tug Blown to Pieces at Her Dock in Brooklyn.

A New York despatch says: The residents in the vicinity of the dock at the foot of Bowne street, Brooklyn, and the sailors on a ship in Atlantic dock were startled at midnight by an explosion. On hurrying to Bowne street dock they found it literally strewn with the *debris* of the tug Niagara, which had made fast to the dock early in the evening. The engineer had let off steam and the fireman banked the fires early in the evening, and everything was thought to be safe. The safety valve of the boiler must have been out of order and the water low. There must also have been sufficient fire to generate steam, for about midnight the dome of the boiler, weighing over 500 lbs., went skyward a distance of 150 feet, and when it came down it went crash through the roof of a grain warehouse adjoining. The pilot-house was blown to pieces, and a portion of the cabin and upper part of the boat went overboard. The fireman was seriously injured and a deck hand was fished out of the river uninjured.

"How Grant Marched Against Mark Twain."

The New York *Sun* calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article in the December "Century" entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," is, by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter 18 in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared was when he had to meet the little army in which his future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a Colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs Gen. Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the December "Century." The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy were as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "This," says General Grant, "was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

The Tyrol Tear Handkerchief.

In some portions of Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother hands her a kerchief, which is called a tear kerchief. It is made of newly-made linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house, and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over, and the bride has gone with her husband to their own new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen closet, where it remains untouched. The tear kerchief has only performed half of its mission. Children are born, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear kerchief. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyelids close for the long, long sleep, and the tired wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear kerchief is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until we are summoned to come forth on the resurrection morn.—*Texas Siftings.*

Love on Snowshoes.

A novel marriage that took place near Silverton, Col., is reported by the Colorado *Beacon*. Miss Mollie Connors, of Lake City, and Mr. Oscar Olsen, of Animas Forks, were married on the summit of the divide, at an altitude of over 13,000 feet, the party being on snowshoes. Miss Connors agreed to meet Mr. Olsen on the summit, bringing her friends with her, and Mr. Olsen was to approach the summit with his friends, coming up on the opposite side of the mountain. The bride left Lake City accompanied by her two brothers, and Olsen left Animas Forks at the same hour, accompanied by the Rev. Father Ley, of Silverton, and a few friends. The only way of scaling the snow-covered mountain was on snowshoes and the climbing was fatiguing. The groom and the minister arrived first at the designated meeting point; but they did not have long to wait, for the bride and her brothers were soon observed nearing the spot, trudging along cheerily. Miss Connors seemed less fatigued than any other member of the party. After a short rest Father Ley performed the wedding ceremony with as much impressiveness as if it had taken place in a church. The minister, the bride, the groom and the witnesses of the marriage grouped themselves together as close as the Canadian snowshoes would permit.

Close upon the heels of the story that the young Emperor of China is about to be married comes the startling intelligence that his mother, the Empress, is taking boxing lessons.—*Lowell Times.*

After the election in Ross-shire and in her brother's absence, Miss V. Munro-Ferguson delivered a very spirited address to the Dingwall electors from the hotel window.

—Ducks are reported plentiful out at Lake Manitoba.

MAX O'RELL ON LONDON.

He Sums Up Facts and Figures About England's Capital.

The versatile French-Englishman, Max O'Rell, has been summing up facts and figures on the city of London, with the result that he finds that "London is a city of wonders and contrasts. From different statistics that I have gathered, can thus describe the great city. Its diameter is 24 miles, and area 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries 5,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, more country folks than the counties of Devon, Berks and Warwickshire put together. There is a birth in it every five minutes and a death in every eight minutes; has seven accidents every day in its 8,000 miles of streets; has an average of 40 miles of streets opened, and 15,000 new houses built every year. In 1883 there were added 22,110 new houses to the vast aggregate of dwellings which is called the metropolis, thus forming 368 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of 66 miles and 34 yards. In 1881, Brighton had 20,879 inhabited houses, so that London in 1883 added to itself a town bigger than Brighton. It would require two Cambridges or two Oxfords to represent the addition made to London in a single year. London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has over 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day; has as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has 70,000 miles of open shops every Sunday, and has intercourse with all parts of the world, represented by a yearly delivery in its postal districts of about 300,000,000 of letters. It has more vice than Babylon, and more churches and chapels than the whole of Italy. It has 618 railway stations; 1,374 trains pass Clapham junction station every day, omitting the goods trains and the underground railway; runs 1,311 trains every day, carrying over 12,000,000 passengers in the year. The London omnibus companies have 1,020 stage carriages, which carry over 56,000,000 passengers every year. It is more dangerous to walk through the streets of London than to cross the Atlantic. Last year 150 persons were killed, and 2 051 injured by vehicles in the streets. There are in London 14,000 policemen, 14,000 cabmen and 15,000 persons connected with the post-office. The cost of lighting London by gas annually is $8,000,000. London has over 400 daily and weekly newspapers. Last year there were 2,314 fires. The ancient city of London was founded by Brute, the Trojan, in the year 882. A mixture of beer and bible, of gin and gospel, of drunkenness and podsnappery, of unheard of squalor and unbridled luxury, of poor, abject, shivering, starving creatures and people insolent with happiness and wealth. 'Hell is a city much like London,' said Shelley."

Phenomenal Fecundity.

The most extraordinary case of fecundity that I ever heard of came to my knowledge last week. About twenty-five miles from here, and by rail two or three stations beyond Pompeii, is the historical city of Nocera (the Nucera of the ancients). In the rione, or ward, of Liposta lives Maddalena Granata, aged 47, who was married at the age of 28 to a peasant, just nineteen years ago. Maddalena Granata has given birth to (either dead or living) fifty-two children, forty-nine of whom were males. She enjoys florid health, is robust, and twenty-four hours after her last accouchement was ready to go out to her accustomed labor in the field. She has no hesitancy in conversing with any one about her extraordinary prolificness. Her physician, Dr. Raphael de Sanctis, of Nocera, says that there is not the least exaggeration in these statements. Has any one ever heard of such phenomenal fecundity in the whole history of maternity—fifty-two children, alive or dead, in nineteen years! She has had triplets fifteen times. *Naples Letter to Paris Register.*

How Boys are Spoiled.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained and taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vice comes as naturally as the night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through cigarettes and other enervating indulgences to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honor and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys whose physical vigor is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught not only in theory but in practice, that "hardness ever of hardiness is mother," and they bring the highest physical vigor to the development of their mental powers. They forge to the front while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Duck of a Bonnet.

Pink in bonnets has appeared at several fashionable gatherings, and very becoming it is to a brunette. Recently, at an afternoon wedding tea, a young married woman wore a costume of black velvet, with a black velvet bonnet trimmed with pink, and a high black cock's tail, and carried a large bouquet of pink carnations. Pink satin ball skirts, veiled with paler pink tulle, have been ordered for some of the coming county balls, and several *sortes de bal* are lined with pink satin, and have a plaiting of the same inside the stiff, high collar. Very long black fur boas are fashionable, some of them almost touching the ground, and measuring 3 yards. Artificial birds—so palpably artificial as to remove qualms of conscience—are being much used on ball gowns. Some are placed in twos and threes on a twig, and adapted to the bodices. The most airy, fairy looking birds, with chenille heads and bodies, and tinsel wings and tails, are to be had in every color, for fastening among tulle and scattering about bodices and skirts.

He'll Have to.

"What seems to be the news?" she asked as she leaned over to the passenger in front, who had a newspaper.

"The catnip crop is entirely ruined," he gruffly replied.

"Oh, is it? That's too bad. But mebbe you kin pull through the winter on sassafras tea."

A gigantic engineering scheme is to connect the Caspian Sea with the Persian Gulf by way of the valley of the Euphrates. This would make Asia an island, and would change the tide of travel and business throughout the Eastern world.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it with gentle heat, in linseed oil.

The softest and finest of California rose blankets are now made into downy and comfortable robes and princess wrappers, the rose-colored and pale-blue striped borders being utilized as trimmings on belt, sleeves, and front of the gowns.

Young lady—Do you admire Miss Rollington's dancing? Horsey young man—Yes, very much. Young lady—And she dresses so well, too. Horsey young man—Oh, I'm no judge of the harness, but I can answer for the action.—*Judy.*

DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A Husband-and-Wife Quarrel Results in a Murder and Suicide.

A Charleston (S.C.) despatch says: At Mount Pleasant, a village near here, yesterday a terrible tragedy was enacted. E. Geretti, an Italian, was beating his wife, when his brother, S. Geretti, and James P. Colburn, a well known insurance agent of this city, interfered in the woman's behalf. The wife, with her four little children, escaped from her infuriated husband, who, incensed at the interference, crept up behind Colburn and fired three shots at him, one of the balls lodging in his spine and inflicting what is thought to be a fatal wound. Geretti fled to a farm, about a quarter of a mile distant, pursued by the town marshal and a *posse*. He locked himself up in his house, and the *posse* being unarmed, defied them to arrest him. While his pursuers were deliberating Geretti placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth and blew out his brains.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Superintendent (to little girl)—Now, my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you? Little girl—By marrying rich, sir.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy, Nerviline, nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name, at any drug store.

A Southern critic likens a certain literary lady's sonnets to "the silvery texture of a cobweb endowed with the durability of a pearl."

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

Tells no story that finds so responsive an echo in all hearts as the comforting and assuring words given in the short extract below. Speaking of one of the painful realities of life—i.e.,—an aching corn. Mr. C. Cronk, of Dowagic, Michigan, adds testimony to the marvelous results attending the use of that great corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—"I have tried it to my entire satisfaction and though not in my line of business, would like to keep it in stock." Beware of substitutes and imitations. Sold by druggists and country merchants.

A machine called the Buffalo home trainer has been invented, by which bicyclists can train for races in their own room. It is stationary.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and all bilious attacks.

Contagious diseases have excited the people of Fairhaven, Mass., to such a degree that the horse cars carry two bags of camphor as disinfectants, one at each end, placed there by the Board of Health.

Favoritism

Is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

—Even Russian blouses are made of jersey webbing.

Figaro says that a Yankee maker of sewing machines has offered Mme. Patti $1,000 for each appearance, in addition to her regular salary, if she will sit at one of his sewing machines, instead of the spinning wheel, while singing the "King of Thule."

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

NERVOUS
DEBILITATED MEN
You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

FARMS IN VIRGINIA VERY CHEAP. Taxes low. Send for Catalogue. Address C. D. EPES, Nottoway C.H., Va.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Skunk, Muskrat, Mink, Raccoon
Skins, etc., bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular. E. C. BOUGHTON, 44 Bond st., New York.

Heaves, Ringbone, Spavin,
Positively cured by Prof. Chapman's celebrated formulas. The genuine recipes and directions mailed for $1. J. CHAPMAN, Chemist, London, Ont.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Writing, Shorthand, etc! thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. Address BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Buffalo, N.Y.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

KINMOUNT KERNELS.

Correspondence of THE ECHO.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—Chas. Cobbin, jr., has been elected to fill the position of the retiring trustee, Mr. H. Graham.

MUNICIPAL.—Although the rain fell all day, and the roads anything but first class, a good vote was polled in this subdivision. The total number of votes cast being 56. This year opens a new era in municipal voters and one lady, Mrs. Davis, accepted the privilege conferred upon her, and came forward and cast her vote for the weal or woe of our township. We hope that many ladies of our land have to-day exercised that right and that our representatives may not long restrict their voting powers to such narrow limits, but may they gradually extend the noble animal man. We conclude, with influence will be for good.

FAST WORK.—Two of our blacksmiths, one day last week, shod a team "all around" in twenty minutes, putting them in proper shape for our present icy roads. Who can beat that?

ORANGE LODGE.—At the annual meeting of the Victoria L. O. L. No. 1,100, held in the lodge room, Kinmount, on Monday, 21st December, the following officers were elected: F. Train, W. Master; W. Morgan, D. M.; R. Scott, Chaplain; G. Swinson, Treasurer; W. T. Craig, Sec.; P. Crego, D. of C.; Committee—J. T. Gilmore, Robt. Cottingham, J. Lisle, R. Henderson and J. Molyneaux.

A WOMAN KILLS A PANTHER.

Mr. George Greenleaf, accompanied by his wife, was returning home from Clayton, in the mountains of Georgia, on Wednesday night. It was about nine o'clock and, as is the custom of the country, they both walked up one of the hills while the mules and waggon ascended, their little boy being the driver. Suddenly a rustle was heard in the [illegible] and peering out in the darkness could be seen what looked like two balls of fire. It proved to be a large panther. As if by instinct Greenleaf opened his knife, and as the beast sprang at him he made a lunge, only to drive the knife into his wife's arm, she having thrown herself upon him at the sight of danger. He dropped the knife and fell under the second spring of the panther. The beast, evidently maddened by the scent of blood, was about to insert its teeth into Mr. Greenleaf when his wife, who had picked up the knife, acting under the inspiration of desperation, made a clean cut at the beast's throat. The panther gave a pitiful cry, rolled over and died. The cry reached the ears of some hunters near by and soon a number of them were on the spot, to find that a woman had accomplished what they had been six weeks trying to do.

THIS AND THAT.

The following testimonial was given to a servant girl:—"This is to certify that the [illegible] been in my service one year, less eleven months. During this time I found her to be diligent at the front door, temperate at her work, attentive to herself, prompt at excuses, amiable towards young gentlemen, faithful to her sweethearts, and honest when everything is safe under lock and key."

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked, as he stood on the steps of a residence in Cass avenue the other morning. "Which lady of the house?" asked the girl who answered the ring. "Why, are there two?" "Sartin sah. If you want the white lady, she am out. If you has bizness wid de cull'd lady parsed to dewelop."

"Your son has been knocked off the railroad and killed," exclaimed a man approaching an Arkansas Colonel. "Who knocked him off?" excitedly demanded the Colonel. "A railroad engine." "Well, that begins to explain matters, for I knew devilish well he wasn't knocked off by any ordinary man. He was one of the boys, let me tell you."

Even in the making of a will, little peculiarities will occasionally present themselves. Here is an Irish specimen: "I hereby give and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget the whole of my property without reserve; and to my oldest son, Patrick, one-half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go, together with the old cart without wheels, to my sincere and affectionate friend, Terence McCarthy, in sweet Ireland."

A POWERFUL LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do."

"Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter dode same ting when I wuz young. When I was fust married dah was a gin-mill next to the shop wha' I wuuked and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah 'n half I eahned. Wall, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, and who shood come in but de man wat kep' de likker shop."

"Give me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak," he said.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had let."

"What do you wan'?" said the butchah.

"Give me ten cents' wuf ob libber," was my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yo' go and yet yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched the stuff in thirty yeahs, an' I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."

HE ISN'T THERE NOW.

One of those friendly, good-natured fellows whom you don't wish to offend, and yet whom you detest because they bore you, attached himself to a Detroit insurance agent some months ago. He was not only asking for a loan every few days, with no idea of ever paying it back, but he spent several hours each day at the office and became in time so much at home that he used [illegible] stationery and stamps and tendered his advice on all important matters. The other day he was asked to mind the office while the agent went out, and he had just opened a new box of cigars to have a smoke when a stranger entered and brusquely said:

"See here, Blank, I want that money."

"You'll have to call again," replied the bore as he looked up from his newspaper.

"I'll be blanked if I do! That money was due a month ago, and I won't be put off any longer!"

"Come in at 11 o'clock?"

"I won't do it!"

"Um! Well, Blank isn't in, as you see."

"You are a liar! You are Blank, or else I'm blind, and I think my eyes are good yet! Come down!"

"Really, sir, but——"

"C-o-m-e down!"

"But, sir——"

The stranger reached out for the bore and flopped him on the floor. Then he jerked him to his feet and slammed him over a table. Then he shook him until both suspenders gave way and the pegs in his boots were loosened. Then he jammed his head through the map of Michigan and kicked him with a boot manufactured in Michigan and finally flung him in a heap and walked out with the remark:

"I'll repeat that dose every day in the future until you pay that bill!"

The bore doesn't hang out in that office any more. When the agent returned and found him lying half dead on a box of ink-blotters and heard the story he didn't seem to extend the sympathy demanded by the occasion. Indeed, his cold and unfeeling conduct rather led the bore to suspect that a cold-blooded plot had been laid to deprive him of his valuable life.

PEARCE'S GENERAL STORE

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS OF THE FRESHEST AND BEST QUALITY ARRIVING DAILY

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

A Splendid Assortment for the Christmas & New Year Trade.

The Dry Goods Department will be found superior to any in the County. Consisting of Grey Cottons, Cottons, Shirting, All-Wool Flannel from 25c. per yard up, Cottonades, Denims, Canton Flannels, Tickings, Tweeds, Trimmings &c.

In Ready-made Clothing we are giving excellent value, try our $7.50 Suits. Also clothing made to order in the latest city styles.

In Boots and Shoes we have a large stock from the best makers and at prices to SUIT THE TIMES.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF BUILDERS HARDWARE &C.

Minden Dec. 26, 1885.

F. J. PEARCE.

PUSH, PLUCK, PATIENCE, PERSEVERANCE.

ROY'S 5TH YEAR IN MINDEN

And Fourth Annual Clearing Sale.

1881. JANUARY 1886.

TO THE PEOPLE.

I cordially return thanks to my friends and customers for the very liberal patronage accorded me during the past year, which, I am happy to say, has been the largest I have had in Minden. Since my opening here five years ago I have labored successfully to be the great benefactor of the people of Haliburton County and the opponent of High Prices, and before following the campaign for another season I am determined to clear out my present large stock at prices that will astonish the very closest buyers in the land. As I never advertised anything I did not carry out I am not going to begin now and I earnestly invite everybody to come and examine my stock and see my prices which will convince you at once that the startling bargains given must effect a speedy clearance.

OUR STOCK.

Fullcloth, Tweeds, Flannels, Dress Goods, Winceys, Blankets, Mantles, Shawls, &c., &c., will be sold at a tremendous sacrifice to make a clean sweep for spring importation. In Clothing my stock of ready-made suits and overcoats is very large and I have reduced the prices to real cost. If you want a good cheap suit or an overcoat now is your chance. In groceries my prices will be found lower than any other house in the county. 4,000 lbs. left of that bright sugar which I am selling 20 lbs. for $1.00. Salt—a barrel of fine salt for $1.25. Teas—Nothing to beat our value in teas. Remember my motto this year again:—"Small profits and quick Sales."

Cash paid for any quantity of oats, peas, butter, lard, tallow, eggs, hides, sheepskins, wool and wool-pickings.

J. C. ROY - - KING OF LOW PRICES

Lost.

Between the Scotch Line, Anson, and Samuel Gouldies, on Thursday, 3rd inst., a cotton bag full of clothing. The bag is marked H. H. in red letters. The finder will please leave the same at Morrow's hotel.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

MINDEN, ONT.

The undersigned having rented the building known as the Buck hotel, has opened it as a temperance house, where he offers every accommodation to the travelling public. Meals served at all hours, fresh oysters kept on hand, temperance drinks and first class cigars at the bar. Good stabling and attentive hostler. H. SLUMAN.

Minden, Nov. 9th, 1885.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all accounts due me must be paid before the 1st of January. After that date I will put them in other hands for collection.

THOS. STINSON.

THE NEW IMPROVED

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE.

M. ROSEBUSH,

Agent for the sale of these first-class machines for the County of Haliburton, is meeting with great success and finds that the machines sold are giving the very best satisfaction.

Parties desiring a machine may rely on getting a satisfactory one in the Improved Singer. Three-quarters of all the Sewing Machines sold throughout the world last year were Genuine Singers.

M. ROSEBUSH, — — HALIBURTON

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS

B. EASTMAN

Will offer a varied assortment of Holiday Goods

CHRISTMAS CARDS CHEAP,

TOYS OF ALL DESCRIPSIONS,

PRESENTS TO PLEASE BOTH YOUNG AND OLD,

CHEAP FLANNELS OF EXTRA GOOD VALUE FROM 20c. UPWARDS

ALL WOOL TWEEDS from 50c. upwards,

Untearable Tweed just the thing for the woods. The Dry Goods and Millinery are just what you want. Groceries for Xmas, fresh and good.

As the credit system is to be discontinued all parties having accounts with B. EASTMAN will please settle by the 24th inst.

EASTMAN'S NOTION HOUSE.

ADMITTED!

The Largest, Cheapest and Best stock in this section.

NEW Dress Goods, Hats, Caps, Shirts and Ties.

NEW Boots and Shoes.

NEW Grocery Stock, cheap.

NEW Stock of Clothing.

NEW FRESH TAILOR, imported.

TAILOR SHOP BOOMING.

Trade Good. Cheap New Goods bring us custom.

JAMES WATSON, - - - KINMOUNT.

S. S. RITCHIE, - - LINDSAY,

2 DOORS EAST OF BENSON HOUSE, KENT STREET.

Invites special attention to his very large and well-assorted stock of

Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes &c.

Bought especially for the winter trade, and marked at prices that never fail to give satisfaction. We are offering special bargains in the following lines:

A beautiful Dress Goods, all shades, for 15c, worth 25c. Heavy Melton Dress Goods for 20 c., worth 30c. Black and Colored Cashmeres from 22c. up. Black and Colored Velveteens from 23c up. Grey Flannels from 15c. up. Scarlet Flannels from 12½c up. Canton Flannels from 7c up. Cretonnes from 10c up. Curtain net from 12½c up. Lace Curtains 75c per pair. Double Fold Ulstering, very heavy, 70c per yard. Heavy all-wool Tweed, 75c per yard. $1.25 Bed Comforters for 85c. $1.75 Bed Comforters for $1.25. $2 Bed Comforters for $1.50. $3 Bed Comforters for $2. 6 lbs. all-wool White Blankets, $3 per pair. 8 lbs. Grey Blankets, $2.50 per pair. In white and grey Cottons we defy competition.

Having decided to clear out my stock of Ready Made Clothing to make room for a large stock of Imported Goods for the spring trade, we will offer our entire stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing at a great sacrifice.

Men's Tweed Suits from $5 up. Men's Tweed Coats from $2 up. Men's Tweed Pants from $1.50 up. Men's Overcoats from $3.50 up. Youths' all wool Tweed Suits from $4.50 up. Boys' all-wool Tweed Suits from $2.25 up. Men's Fall Cloth Coats for $1.75. Men's Overalls, very heavy, for 65c. Every Line Equally Reduced.

Fur Caps for Ladies and Gentlemen. Men's Persian Lamb and Astrachan Caps from $3 up. Men's Imitation Lamb Caps from 40c up. Men's Scotch Caps from 30c up. Lined Buffalo Robes for $6. Men's high-toped felt Boots for $2.25. Men's Long Boots for $1.50. Men's Overshoes from $1.45 up. Boots and Shoes of every description equally low. Visitors to Lindsay will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before purchasing.

CHRISTMAS † † PRESENTS

The Echo is the best Christmas Present you can send to your friends outside the county.

Our terms are $1 in advance and $1.50 if not so paid. Subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions to The Echo will please bear in mind that they will be charged $1.50 after 1st January.

R. W. THOMPSON,

Accountant, Commission Real Estate and General Financial Agent.

No. 1, Market Bl'k, Cor. George and Simcoe St's. PETERBORO

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ONTARIO DIVISION.

MAIN LINE.—Going East—Leave Peterboro—11.40 a.m., 11.11 p.m. Arrive Ottawa—6.07 p.m., 5.17 a.m. Arrive Montreal—8.45 p.m., 8.50 a.m.

Going West—Leave Peterboro—4.30 a.m., 6.43 p.m., 7.04 a.m. Arrive Toronto—8.20 a.m., 9.55 p.m., 11.05 a.m. Arrive St. Thomas—12.05 p.m., 5.25 p.m. Arrive Owen Sound—1.00 p.m., 10.20 p.m. Arrive Chicago—7.00 a.m., 7.55 a.m.

D. McNICOLL,
Gen. Pas'ger Agt.
Toronto

VICTORIA HOTEL, KINMOUNT.

WM. DUNBAR, PROPRIETOR.

This well-known hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the present proprietor and now offers good accommodation for all who may pay it a visit. The travelling public and lumbermen will find this the best hotel in the north. Choice liquors and cigars always on hand. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

MINDEN WOOLEN MILLS.

JOHN GOODMAN, PROPRIETOR.

CUSTOM CARDING, FULLING, SHEARING AND PRESSING done at short notice. Shanty blankets promptly washed at 10c. per pair. Wool for carding delivered at Roy's Store, Kinmount, will be taken to this mill and returned to Kinmount free of freight.

Spinning Wheels and Reels always on hand for sale.

All kinds of Wood Turning done to order on short notice and at low prices.—o-ns

---

JOHN WELCH,

General Blacksmith and

WAGGON-MAKER.

Having the best equipped shop in the northern country for turning out all kinds of work in my line, I am prepared to give you the best satisfaction.

All kinds of jobbing promptly done.

Give me a call.

JOHN WELCH.

Minden, Aug., 27th, 1885.

HALIBURTON

GRIST MILL.

Having thoroughly refitted the above mill during the last season at considerable expense, and having adopted the new system of milling, we are now prepared to do

Gristing and Chopping

In the best manner possible.

Haliburton Flour, per 100, $1.80

Lindsay Flour, from $2.00 to 2.25

Beef, - - - - 3.00 to 3.00

Cash paid for Ties, Posts, Cordwood, Pulp Wood and all kinds of Farm Produce.

P. CONWAY.

W. H. HILL'S GENERAL AGENCY.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

THE SUN

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Offers Advantages to Assurers such as are not excelled by any company doing business. It issues Unconditional Indisputable Policies; pays claims in every case immediately on proof of death; Allows Days of Grace for the payment of Renewal Premiums; Lends Money on the security of its policies; Grants Annuities, and has not one contested or disputed claim on its books. THE SUN has $175 of Assets for every $100 of Liabilities. Total Assurances in Force, $11,660,020.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage says:—"How a man with no surplus of estate, but still enough of money to pay the Premium of a Life Insurance Policy, can refuse to do it, and then look his children in the face, and say his prayers at night, on going to bed, expecting them to be answered, is a mystery to me that I have never yet been able to fathom. Procrastination is the devil's deception." Apply at once for a policy in THE SUN.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE QUEEN, of Liverpool.
THE IMPERIAL, of London.
THE GLASGOW & LONDON, of Great Britain.
THE NORWICH UNION, of Norwich and London.
THE NORTHERN, of Aberdeen.
THE MERCANTILE, of Canada.

W. H. HILL,
Peterboro',
Man'r Peterboro' & Victoria branch

N.B.—The above Companies are noted for liberality and great unquestionable financial standing.

W. Prest, Special Agent at Haliburton; [illegible] LeRoy, Special Agent at Coboconk; Geo. Bick, Special Agent at Bobcaygeon; R. A. Hamilton, Travelling Agent.

DRUGS & STATIONERY

HALIBURTON DRUG STORE.

A full Stock of Drugs and Chemicals, Standard Patent Medicines, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Druggists' Sundries, School Books and Stationery, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at lowest prices.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Uses.

A fine selection of Christmas and New Year's Cards at Low Prices.

The Following Lines Will Be Disposed of at greatly reduced prices:

Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Photo Frames, Vases, Purses, Knives, Razors, Toilet Soaps, Lamps, Violin Strings, Lead Pencils, Pens, ink, &c. Also a variety of TOYS which will be sold off at COST PRICE.

Family Receipts and Prescriptions, Horse and Cattle Receipts carefully prepared at the

HALIBURTON DRUG STORE.

Haliburton, Oct. 1, 1885.

NORTH STAR ROLLER MILLS.

McDougall Brandon & Allan,

PROPRIETORS,

FENELON FALLS, - - - ONTARIO,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Flour and Feed, and Grain and Produce of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail.

Having recently built a new mill, thoroughly equipped with the latest improved machinery, including the latest new roller process, we are now enabled to turn out a superior grade of flour, which will be found to surpass almost every other make.

BEST FAMILY FLOUR IN THE MARKET.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT!

McDOUGALL, BRANDON & ALLAN.